1896 Sears Roebuck Sex Catalogue

The Fifties: A Special Section

NATIONAL LAMPOON

NOV. 1970 THE HUMOR MAGAZINE 75 CENTS

IND

Nostalgia



A Selection from Jerome Weidman's Forthcoming Novel East 4th Street

Jean Shepherd Reminisces

1936: A Space Odyssey



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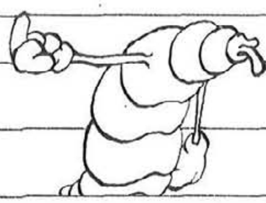
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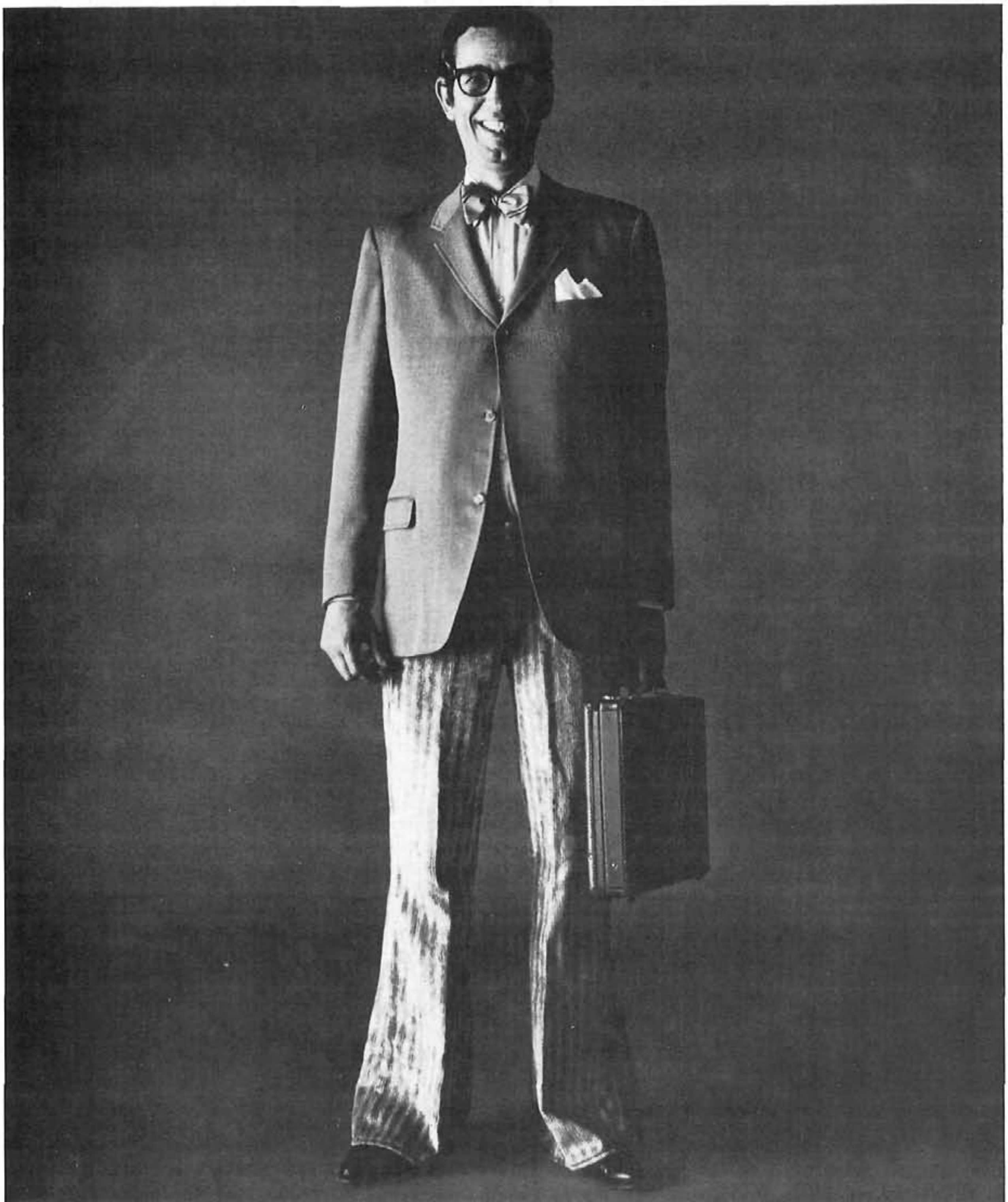
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EDITORIAL

The average *National Lampoon* subscriber, our kerosene-powered computer informs us, is about 24 years of age — too old to flash moons from speeding convertibles and too young to write his draft board about the miraculous regrowth of his trigger finger.

It is to this frustrated reader that the editors have dedicated the special Fifties section of our Nostalgia issue. Growing up in that dazzling decade left a special mark, usually in the form of an inflamed scar at the base of the medulla oblongata. It seems only yesterday that decent folk were fleeing in terror before roving packs of Jay Dees (juvenile delinquents, remember them?) and the combined intellectual power of the Eisenhower administration agonized over a cure for the nation's most dreaded social tragedy: the wheat surplus.

The Fifties were a time of great technological breakthroughs, a magical time when John Q. Public could tool around in his Ford Skyliner Hide-A-Way Hardtop, fly to exotic Lansing, Mich., in a giant Boeing triple-tailed Constellation or spend a quiet lifetime in front of the television watching Faye Emerson and *Your American Hit Parade* through the modern marvel of a Sylvania Halo-Lite.

It was a time of great men, now forgotten by history — Sherman Adams, Ezra Taft Benson, Whittaker Chambers, Richard Nixon — hey, wait a minute. . . .

Cover: Our Norman Rockwellesque fantasy was executed by Lou Glanzman, whose 47 *Time* covers to date make him one of America's most successful (and overpaid) illustrators in the biz. If you want to know what he looks like in real life, take a look at the triumphant Dad to the left of the barber.

Speaking of overpaid illustrators, the editors wish to thank the gang at Cloud for getting us through our first dark days and hope, despite the growing clamor for their ballpoints that forced them to drop our art directorship like a live grenade, that their scrawls will continue to have a home in our flimsy pages.

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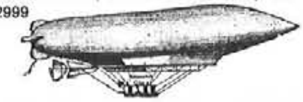




Photo by Bob Pike

Little Doug Kenney will go to bed hungry tonight.

. . . unless *you* help. Raised in a small village called by the natives "Ohio," Doug has never had the things that your children have had. He was 10 years old before he owned a pair of Florsheim shoes, he was almost 20 before he had his first ride in a Lincoln Continental, and his parents were too poor to send him to a *fancy Swiss private school* like his playmates. He has never tasted caviar. . . .

Won't you find it in your heart to join the *National Lampoon* Foster Subscription Program? It costs only pennies a day and can do so much. If you buy a one-year subscription, little Doug Kenney can have a crust of bread and a cup of milk every day. A two-year subscription will send him to school, where he will learn to read, write and play polo. A lifetime subscription will enable him to throw an entire coming-out party for his less fortunate friends in the south of France.

Just $5.95 will give you a year of reading pleasure.

And little Doug will love you.

Subscribe, damnit!

UP AGAINST THE WALL



P501. CAUTION: Keep out of reach of children. B/W: 19" x 29". *Only* **1.00**



P640. THE DEVIL. 19th century French spiritualist poster: green & red on heavy cream stock. 19" x 53". *Only* **1.98**



P691. DAWN. Painted lady on a Los Borrachos MC cycle: Full Color. 42" x 29". *Only* **1.98**

P344. PEACE DOVE. In black on white. 18"x 25". *Only* **1.00**





P697. ACID QUEEN. Matte blue & green swirls with vivid Dayglo highlights. 21¼" x 33". *Only* **1.98**



P645. EYE. Full Color eye on smoky blue; coated stock. 23¼" x 29¼". *Only* **1.98**

P674. SHE COMES IN COLORS. Painted lady in shimmering full color. 21½" x 36". *Only* **1.98**

P686. SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL PLANET. Full Color photo on black background. 22"x34". *Only* **1.98**

P709. LUCY IN THE SKY WITH DIAMONDS. Striking Dayglo blue, green, cerise, orange, purple, yellow on matte black. 21" x 33" *Only* **1.98**



P689. 1970. Full Color sunsets over calm waters. 22" x 34¼". *Only* **1.98**

P394. NAPOLEON & JOSEPHINE. Heart-warming "R&R" in Full Color. 21" x 26". *Only* **1.98**

P617. "I PLEDGE ALLEGIANCE . . ." Full Color; 21¼" x 28". *Only* **1.98**



P362. VISION. Full color photo, coated stock; greens predominate. 24"x36". *Only* **1.98**

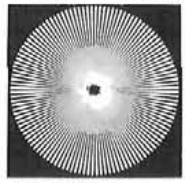
P622. I'D RATHER BE RED THAN DEAD. The original Red—and proud of it! Full Color; 24" x 36". *Only* **1.98**



P698. LET IT BE. Vivid Dayglo yellow, cerise, blue, green, burnt orange. 21½" x 33". *Only* **1.98**



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P963. ZONK. Brilliant dayglo 39½" square. *Only* **2.49**



P632. THE LAST REDWOODS. Beautiful, weren't they? Full color photo by James Rose. 25½"x37½". *Only* **2.49**



P567. SUN GOD Dayglo cerise, yellow, burnt orange, blue & green on black. 21" x 33". *Only* **1.98**

P664. THE VERY POSSIBLE DREAM. Man of La Mancha against Black Liberation rainbow; red, black & green on white. 17" x 19½". *Only* **1.49**

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Printed on finest textured paper. Each will make an excellent major room decoration. *Only* 3.95 each.



P594. OPHELIA. Black background with blue pool shading into green foliage. 30½"x40½".

P595. TANNHAUSER. Rose & lilac garlands, pale yellow figures on gray background. 27" x 46".

P591. NIJINSKY. Costumed in black & gold, on black background. 30" x 38½".

P590. EAST OF THE SUN. Bronze & gold, with silver horse against chocolate & brown. 33¾"x42¼".



P655. TOO LATE THE HERO. Full Color on coated stock; dark red predominates. 30" x 40". *Only* **1.98**



P343. Picasso: MARCH AGAINST DEATH. March on Washington poster in gray & white, red border. 23" x 15". *Only* **1.00**



P641. LA FLEUR DERRIERE. Photo in b/w. Huge 29" x 39". *Only* **1.00**



P478. EASY RIDER. Huge Full Color photo. 40" x 29". *Only* **1.98**

P338. THE RED BARON . . . awaiting our hero; reds & blues predominate. 31"x 23". *Only* **1.98**



P192. PAINTED LADY MANDALA. Kaleidoscope image in 4 colors. 30¼" square. *Only* **1.98**



P276. WAR IS GOOD BUSINESS —INVEST YOUR SON. Lithograph in ice-blue, deep blue, and red lettering. 23" x 29". *Only* **4.95**



P568. DRAGONFLIES. Stunning Dayglo cerise, yellow, blue, green, purple. 21" x 33". *Only* **1.98**



P737. Picasso: DON QUIXOTE. *On Artists' Canvas*—silkscreen in B/W. 20" x 24". *Special* **2.98**



P660. YOU'VE COME A LONG WAY BABY. Black & white. 24" x 36". *Only* **1.98**

P872. Lorin Gillette: FREE. Nude silhouetted against sun & waves: 15" x 21". *Only* **1.98**

P565. CELEBRATE! Dayglo yellow, cerise, green on deep matte blue. 21" x 33". *Only* **1.98**



P657. VANISHING SPECIES! Varied-colored skeletons on coated white stock. 18¼" x 24". *Only* **1.49**



P678. NATIONAL SEX WEEK . . . If you cave at the office, you need not give at home: red & ochre. 11" x 17". *Only* **1.00**



P858. BEN SHAHN: *YOU HAVE NOT CONVERTED A MAN BECAUSE YOU HAVE SILENCED HIM.* Poster in color. 30" x 45". *Only* **3.95**



P688. SHIT. Unusual artwork slows recognition time; matte red, blue & green. 22¼" sq. *Only* **1.98**



P339. PEACE. Hands, black and white, white dove, sky blue field; silkscreen, 23"x29". *Only* **1.98**



P502. WE HAVE MET THE ENEMY. Line drawing in black & white. 22" x 31". *Only* **1.00**



P403. BE PREPARED. Full Color classic. 29½" x 30". *Only* **1.00**



P191. THE PILL IS A NO-NO. Pope Paul on the Pill; brown & yellow-beige. 11½" x 17½". *Only* **1.00**



P368. PUBLIC ENEMY #1. Heartfelt sentiment in red, yellow & dark blue on white. 23" square. *Only* **1.98**



P708. TOGETHER. Dayglo cerise, brown, white stars on matte blue. 21" x 34". *Only* **1.98**



P699. MAINLINER EXPRESS. Black/white photo with "Destination Death" stamped in red. 29" x 22". *Only* **1.00**



P449. HERBIE. "Construction Man of the Month" with pneumatic drill: In FULL COLOR 24" x 37". *Only* **1.98**



P408. LIGHT MY FIRE. Dayglo cerise, yellow, blue, purple. 23" x 29". *Only* **1.49**



P685. DO IT! Full Color photo. 22"x34". *Only* **1.98**



P367. RUSSIAN REVOLUTION POSTERS 1917-1929 —from THE LENIN LIBRARY, MOSCOW: IN FULL COLOR. Each approx. 19" x 27". *Portfolio of 30*, *Special* **9.88**



P623. MAN'S BEST FRIEND. Tug o' war in Full Color. 24" x 30". *Only* **1.98**

P692. NEW FRENCH ART POSTERS: Set of Six. Eye-catching, handsome art posters advertising famous European gallery exhibitions, each by a world renowned artist, each superbly printed in gorgeous colors on heavy art stock. Each 20" x 28". *Set of Six, Only* **5.00**



Chagall — Miro — Klee — Picasso — Dufy — Matisse

Letters

Sir:
You are hereby ordered by your Local Selective Service Board #49 to report for a physical examination on the date printed below. Failure to report on this date may make you subject to immediate reclassification.

Edith Crowley
Local Board #49
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Sirs:
If there's anything that you want. If there's anything I can do just call on me, and I'll send it along.
With love, from me, to you.

Bishop James Pike
Reno, Nev.

Sirs:
I just wanted to write you for all us kids in Cleveland (what a drag, right?) and tell you how much we like your mag. It's about time somebody did a magazine for young kids and adults who can dig it. You guys sure must have a great time just sitting around with your squirting flowers and whoopee cushions and making jokes all the time because you really put out the only funny magazine in the country.
Particularly, I like Don Martin and Spy VS Spy, but Mort Drucker and Al Jaffee are tops in our book, too. Keep up the good work.

Pete DeOreo
Shaker Heights, Ohio

Sir:
Your failure to appear for a physical examination at your Local Selective Service Board #49 has been noted by the Board and the Board has voted that your 2-S classification be revoked and changed to the classification 1-A.

Edith Crowley
Local Board #49
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Sirs:
Congrats on your Nostalgia issue! The '50's were always wild 'n' wacky for us here in Washington, and it's a "real groove" to see we're not forgotten.
Shugetty-shugetty-shoop.

Sen. Joseph McCarthy
Washington, D.C.

Sir:
Greetings: By order of the President of the United States, you are hereby ordered to report to the address listed below for induction into the United States Army.

Edith Crowley
Local Board #49
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Sir:
Your failure to appear for induction into the United States Army has resulted, by a vote of your Local Draft Board, in the swearing out a Federal order for your arrest.

Edith Crowley
Local Board #49
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Sirs:
There are places I remember all my life though some have changed. (Some forever, not for better; some have gone, and some remain.) Nevertheless, I don't think I'll ever forget the good times we had in '54 at the Homecoming Dance. You know, when you said you were pregnant and I hit you in the mouth with my cup of fruit punch.
Those were the days, eh?

M. Proust
Paris, N.Y.

Sirs:
The Writers' Digest says you are in the market for "sophisticated political satire." I have been writing sophisticated political satire for 11 years and have been published in the *American Legion Magazine*, *Reader's Digest*, *U.S. News and World Report* and *Boys' Life*.
Enclosed is a short, sophisticated, satirical poem I think you would like, First World Rights only, at your usual rates.

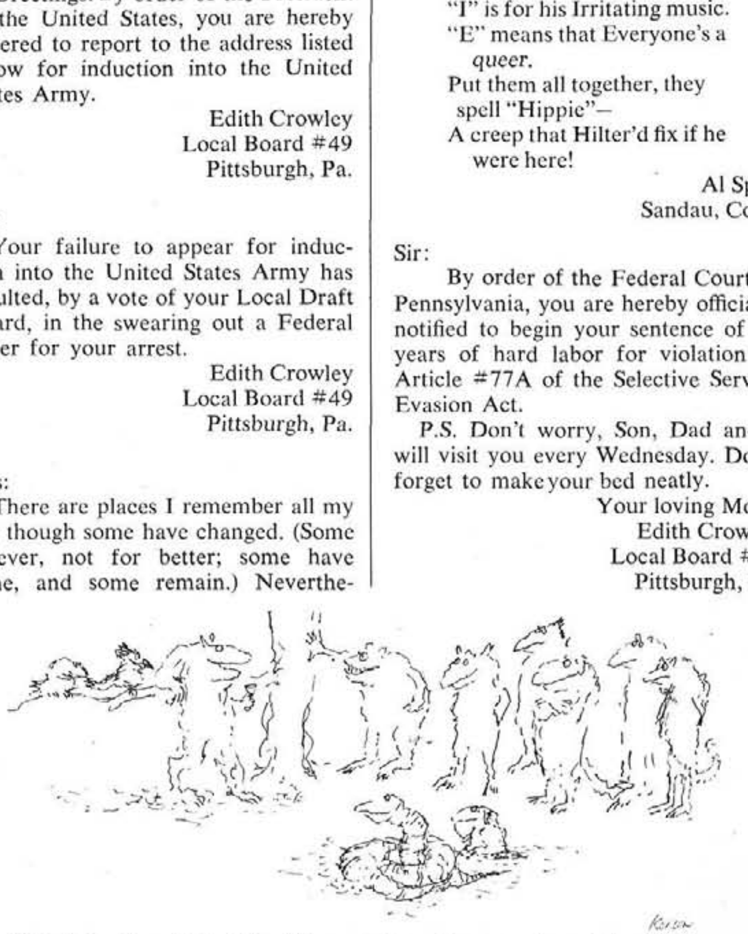
Put Them All Together,
They Spell "HIPPIE"

"H" is for his Hair that needs a
barber.
"I 'cause he's an Ingrate
to his folks.
"P" is for the Pimples on his nose.
"P" is for the Pot he takes in
"tokes."
"I" is for his Irritating music.
"E" means that Everyone's a
queer.
Put them all together, they
spell "Hippie"—
A creep that Hilter'd fix if he
were here!

Al Speer
Sandau, Conn.

Sir:
By order of the Federal Court of Pennsylvania, you are hereby officially notified to begin your sentence of 10 years of hard labor for violation of Article #77A of the Selective Service Evasion Act.
P.S. Don't worry, Son, Dad and I will visit you every Wednesday. Don't forget to make your bed neatly.

Your loving Mom,
Edith Crowley
Local Board #49
Pittsburgh, Pa.



"So, I finally said to him, 'You can't push a member of the Viviperae family around like that, especially a Putorious.'"

Mrs. Agnew's Diary



Dear Diary,

As you certainly know, dear Diary, I have never pretended to be "up" on all the latest current events, what with looking after the kids and seeing to it that Spiggy gets a good hot supper after a long day helping Dick run the country. I'll be the first to admit that I majored in motherhood and can't always find the time to be "hep to the jive," as today's young people say. But what happened yesterday afternoon certainly opened my eyes to all sorts of interesting ideas and people I never could have even imagined back in Baltimore.

What it was was that Martha Mitchell called up yesterday afternoon and wanted to know if I wanted to have a little fun. Right then I knew something was up, because Martha always wants to get me involved in something kooky after she's had a little sip of you-know-what. Like the time she found John's pistol and gave Dan Moynihan that terrible scare.

Well, anyway, she arrived all in giggles and said that there was going to be a meeting of the Women's Liberation Front at George Washington University and wouldn't it be fun if we snuck in to see what's what? No, I said, and anyway we went to one of their meetings only Wednesday, but Martha said that Women's Liberation was completely different from the D.A.R. and wouldn't be half as boring.

By the time Juan dropped us off at Lisner Auditorium, the meeting had already started. The hall was full of a lot of beatnik people, but I caught a glimpse of that awful Barbara Howar (the one that's always making goo-eyes at Spiggy when she thinks I'm not looking), so at least I knew there probably wouldn't be any rioting or looting or anything. Up on the stage there was somebody named Betty Friedan finishing a talk on how all the men take advantage of women because they used us as mere receptionals for their animal lusts . . . well, you know what I mean, dear Diary. About how men are only after one thing. Well, right there I knew she was barking up the wrong tree, as Martha put it. We both agreed that John and Spiggy certainly may have their faults, but that certainly isn't one of them. "At least not any more, darn it," Martha giggled, loud enough so that some of the women were starting to look at us. It was then that I noticed Martha had been taking little "nips" from a brown paper bag in her purse. (She's such a character, if you know what I mean.)

The next speaker was that Gloria Steinem girl, the skinny one who writes for the *New Yorker* magazine, which Dick says is practically completely run by sissies and communists. Anyway, she was saying that it was wrong that women had to cook and sew all the time while men earn big salaries and fool around with their secretaries, on top of which to whom they don't pay very much money. She said that too many of us just sit around the house wasting our lives while our husbands, whether they mean it or not, keep us from doing a lot of valuable and creative things. Well, I whispered to Martha that she might have a point, because of the way Spiggy laughed at me when he found my test results from that Famous Artists School and said I couldn't paint a wall, even if it was by the numbers. Martha looked at me real funny and said that, come to think of it, John was always keeping her from doing interesting things, too, like

when he locked up all his bullets in the wall safe.

By that time, Martha had finished with her little bag, and started yelling, "Right on, sisters," right in the middle of that *New Yorker* girl's speech. Nobody noticed too much until Martha accidentally kicked the brown bag she put under her seat and the little bottle rolled down the aisle. Then everybody looked around again, and someone recognized us. In a second, the whole group of them clustered around us and said it was a really important thing that we were attending the meeting, considering who our hubbies were and all. Well, I didn't want to tell the girls that we were only there for a lark, and the next thing I knew, Martha was agreeing to meet them after the speeches for a consciousness-raising session. Well, I put my foot down then and there with Martha and told her that I wasn't going to be caught dead with a bunch of illegal beatniks raising their consciousnesses on all sorts of pot trips, because I remember the terrible problems we had with Kim and her smoking you-know-what. But Martha was already climbing into somebody's station wagon and was singing *We Shall Overcome*. I knew she'd better not be left alone.

The cars pulled up to a house in Georgetown and I made Martha stop singing that *Age of Aquarius* song and helped her out. Inside, all the girls sat on the floor in the living room (there were about a dozen or so) and they started talking about how their husbands were male chauffeurs who kept them from expressing themselves on important subjects. Well, I thought that was silly and said so in no uncertain terms. The way Juan's wife gives him all get out when he goes to the racetrack on Saturdays instead of helping her with the washing certainly can't be called not expressing herself, and Juan is the best male chauffeur Spiggy and I ever had. Well, the girls said that wasn't really the point, and one of them asked me if Spiggy hadn't ever kept me from doing things I wanted, and I had to admit there *was* that time with the test results. They all went "tsk tsk" and said I should have more confidence in myself as a woman, and I had to admit that sounded pretty reasonable. But I had to go right then because Martha started to get sick on the rug and John worries if she's not home by supper.

Speaking of supper, dear Diary, I'd better get started on the steaks because Spiggy'll be home in just a minute. Actually, I think I'll just have Juanita heat up what's left of the chili. I'm going to take that Famous Artists Test again instead.

All for now,

Judy



Collector's Items

. . . That's what they're calling the early issues of the *National Lampoon*. And no wonder. Think of what a deck chair from the *Titanic* would bring these days, or a strut from the *Hindenburg*, or a complete set of *Collier's*. If you don't have the first issues of the *National Lampoon*, don't worry, you can still make your grandchildren rich! Order now.

APRIL, 1970 – SEX: Including Dr. Ralph Schoenstein's Harris Poll, the David and Julie True-Romance Comic Book, the Playbore of the Month, Norman Rockwall's Erotic Drawings, Mondo Perverto Magazine, and Michael O'Donoghue's Pornocopia.

MAY, 1970 – GREED: Featuring an exclusive interview with Howard Hughes, a poster-sized parody of the *Wall Street Journal*, the Annual Report of the Mafia, the Poor and the Super-Poor, Up With Negroes, and Rick Meyerowitz's touching portrait of Billy Graham.

JUNE, 1970 – BLIGHT: With Sludge Magazine (the little-known trade publication of the pollution industry), Beauty Tips for Mutants, Our Threatened Nazis, Jean Shepherd's S.P.L.A.T., Mort Gerberg's trip to colorful Pollutionland, and Michael O'Donoghue's Extinction Game.

JULY, 1970 – BAD TASTE: Don't miss The Liz Taylor and Richard Burton Gift Catalogue, Nixon's Dream Supreme Court, the Special Mediocrity Supplement, A Photographer's Guide to Art and Pornography, and the Most Tasteless Article Ever Printed!

AUGUST, 1970 – PARANOIA: What would America be like as a second-rate power? Read We're Only Number Two. Also, a Paranoia Map of the World, Is Nixon Dead? (Well, is he?), The Secret of San Clemente, and the most upsetting pile of paranoiac folderol ever compiled!

SEPTEMBER, 1970 – SHOW BIZ: Get your mezzanine seats now for the MGM Blackmail Auction, Screen Slime Magazine, Raquel Welch Laid Bare, Diary of a New Left Starlet, and College Concert Comix!

OCTOBER, 1970 – POLITICS: Big Brother is watching you. Fight back with The Wit, Warmth and Wisdom of John Mitchell, The Day They Shot Spiro . . . in the Foot!, The *National Lampoon* Poll and the President's Commission on What's What.

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Contest

Entries are sought for the *National Lampoon* Rumor Derby.

Prizes will be awarded for submissions in the following categories:

Category I. *Rumors now or at one time in wide circulation.* For example: A mixture of Coke and aspirin will make you drunk; the Red Cross sold doughnuts for $5 during the War; saltpeter is used by institutions to curb sexual drives; tobacco companies have patented brand names for marijuana cigarettes; the moon landing was staged in New Mexico; the peace sign is actually a medieval broken cross symbolizing atheism; scrapings from the insides of banana skins when cooked are as powerful as pot; an oil company bought up and suppressed a simple, cheap device that can make any car get 100 miles to the gallon; and runless stockings and perpetual light bulbs are held off the market by unscrupulous manufacturers.

Category II. *Rumors you would like to see put into wide circulation.* For example: Geritol makes your nose fall off; clams cause cancer; there is a dinosaur embedded in the Hoover Dam; rubber bands are made from toenails; J. Edgar Hoover has been dead for seven years; Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., is a woman; catsup makes you sterile; Truman Capote is being held prisoner in Bulgaria; Ralph Nader owns 400,000 shares of Chrysler; the Loch Ness monster is a Nazi submarine; and pillows and sleeping bags are filled with dead moths.

In both categories, any taint of truth as well as all obvious frauds (such as routine flying saucer stories and run-of-the-mill gossip of the movie-star-weds-dolphin variety) should be avoided. Prizes will be awarded to submissions in category I on the basis of quantity, absurdity and unfamiliarity; in category II, on the basis of inventiveness, believability and originality. Any number of submissions may be made to either or both categories. First prize in each category is a one-year subscription for you to the only magazine Hitler allows in his hacienda (the *National Lampoon*) and a Christmas gift subscription for anyone you choose. Runners-up in each category will receive a one-year subscription to the magazine Howard Hughes has left for him every month in a hollow cactus in Las Vegas (the *National Lampoon*). Decision of the judge (Roy Crater) is final. Address all entries to Miss Mary Marshmallow, Rumor Editor, the National Lampoon, 635 Madison Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10022.

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**graphology (graf ol o jē) n., F. graphologie.
The study of handwriting, regarded as an expression of the writer's character and as a means of predicting his future.**

November 1, 1970 *(autograph scrawl)* Red-hot superstar **Elliott Gould** and Bronx-beaked songstress **Barbra Streisand** are remarried, after a lengthy separation, on the set of Gould's new movie, *Funny Man,* in which Miss Streisand plays a cameo role. The ceremony is performed by Miss Streisand's agent.

November 6, 1970 *(letters clipped from magazines)* While on a fact-finding tour of South America, administration critic **Senator William Fulbright** is kidnapped by Uruguayan rebels. U.S. Marines immediately surround the Uruguayan Embassy in Washington, and Defense Secretary **Melvin Laird** warns that the building and its inhabitants will be burned to the ground if Fulbright is returned unharmed.

November 9, 1970 *(crooked consonants)* Dismissing reports that he prefers to take his foreign policy cues from White House braintruster **Henry Kissinger,** President **Richard Nixon** accepts "with regret" the resignation of apparently ailing Secretary of State **William Rogers.** Until a suitable replacement can be found, Nixon announces the interim appointment of a 50-pound sack of marshmallows and an autographed picture of John Foster Dulles.

November 10, 1970 *(infantile scribble)* After prolonged negotiations, producers of *The Merv Griffin Show* are able to coax Mideast bigwigs **Golda Meir, Yasir Arafat** and **King Hussein** into appearing together on the same stage. Rising to the occasion, Griffin leads a 90-minute discussion of midi versus mini fashions, New York City's cabdrivers and today's "crazy dances."

November 13, 1970 *(split "t"s)* Contract negotiations are angrily broken off between Twentieth Century-Fox and sometime gridiron star **Joe Namath.** Source of the difficulty is apparent disagreement over role Broadway Joe is expected to play in new sci-fi spectacular, *It Came from Beneath a Rock.*

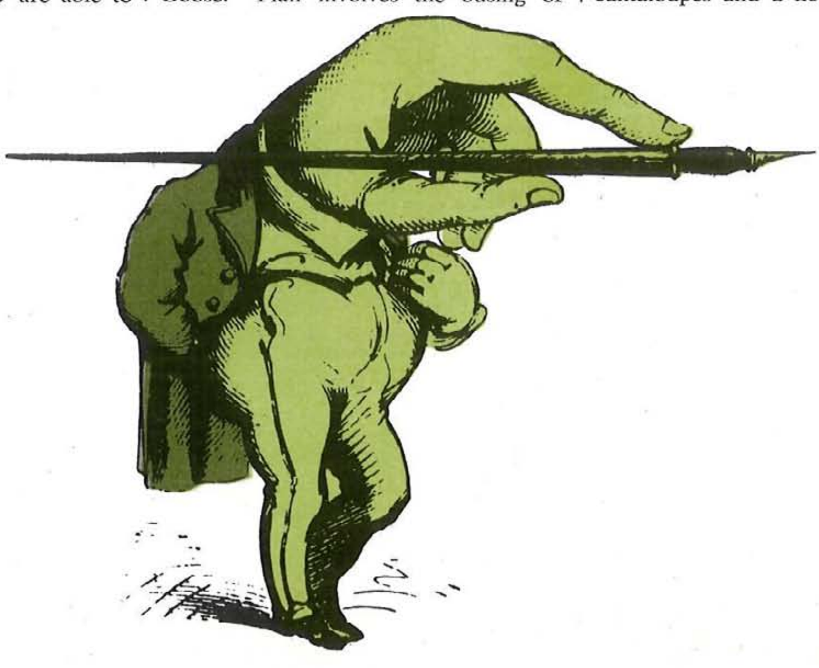
November 17, 1970 *(block letters)* Scoffing at "ecological alarmists" who claim the aquatic balance of nature has been upset by the dumping of obsolete WW II nerve gas off the eastern coast of Florida, Army Chief of Staff **Westy Westmoreland** invites reporters to join him in a dip in the "pure, unaltered" waters off Miami Beach. As reporters look on, Westmoreland and a photographer from *The Washington Post* are eaten by a school of 85-foot sea worms.

November 20, 1970 *(omitted consonant endings)* In an effort to eliminate "widespread de facto segregation," black Mayor **Kenneth Gibson** initiates program titled, "What's Good for the Goose." Plan involves the busing of Newark's white schoolchildren to "separate but equal" Quonset hut classrooms in the heart of New Jersey's Great Swamp.

November 23, 1970 *(slanted letters)* Declaring that "a quick death in the gas chamber is too good for degenerate commie scum like **Charles Manson,"** Vice-President **Spiro Agnew** challenges the hirsute hippie cult leader to two rounds of golf and a set of tennis.

November 25, 1970 *(carbon copy)* Tragedy strikes the Kennedy clan again as Kennedy brother-in-law **Steven Smith** and his lifeless companion **Bubbles LaRue** are fished from the Hudson River by a team of Navy frogmen. Smith claims that he and Miss LaRue, whom he identified as the family governess, were on their way to Palisades Amusement Park for a midnight roller coaster ride when he took a wrong turn onto the "poorly marked and treacherous" George Washington Bridge.

November 28, 1970 *(paranoid scrawl)* Aging courtroom enfant terrible **William Kunstler** is shot five times in the head today by Chicago police as he entered his apartment with what authorities termed a bagful of "sophisticated high explosives." After the area is cleared, a bomb squad detachment moves in and successfully defuses seven cantaloupes and a honeydew melon. □

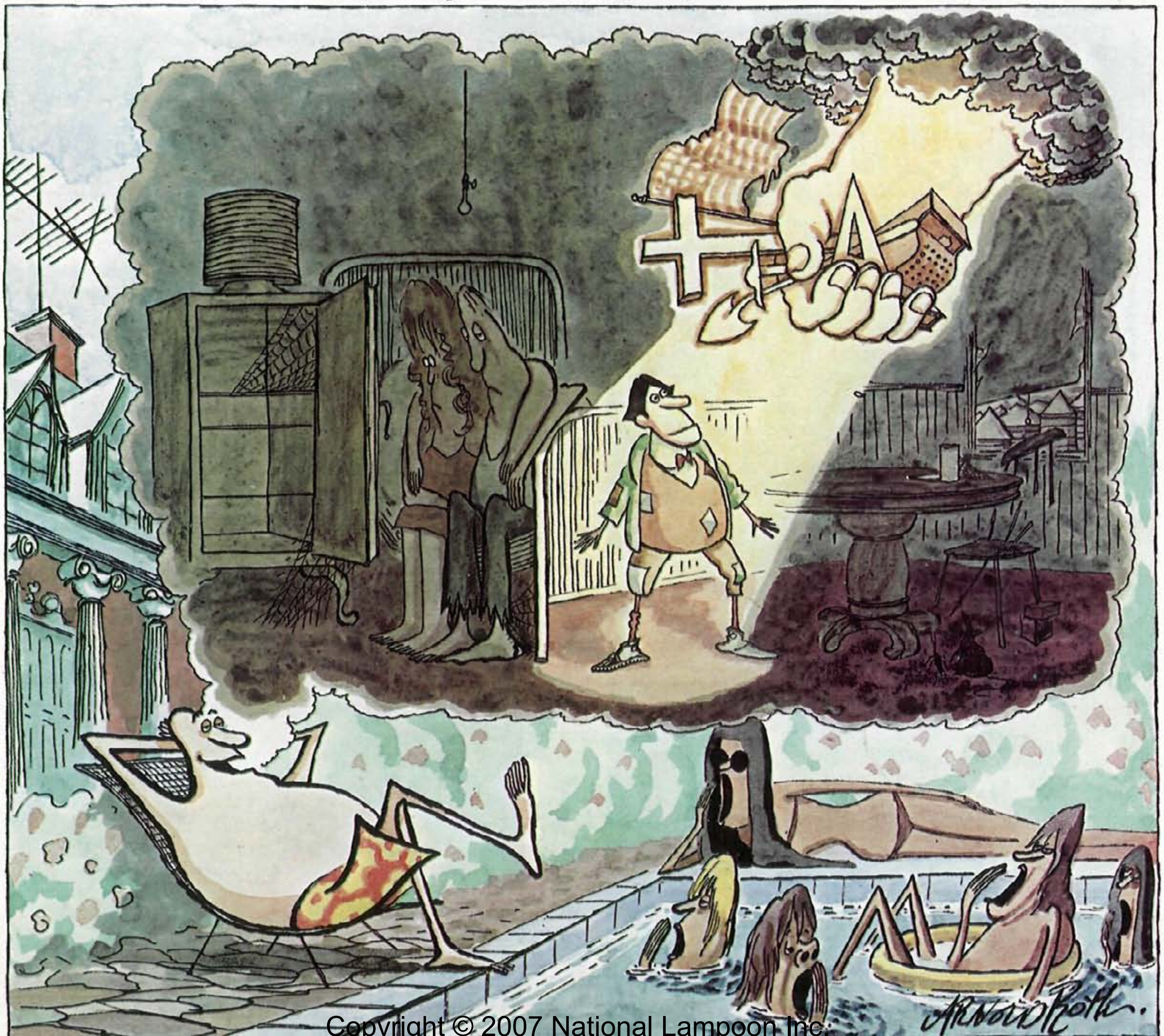


NOSTALGIA is GOODSTALGIA

Nostalgia is a dream based on incorrect recollection. It is fun to play in groups of one or less. Its popularity is universal, as it is one of the few things that can be completely controlled by the individual. Here are some suggested settings for the amateur nostalgic. Use these to build on and fool your friends, too, while you are fooling yourself. "To me, nostalgia is a pain in the ass," is something Oscar Wilde might have said if he wasn't always trying to show off how smart he was. On the other hand, nostalgia is claimed to be an excellent character-building deterrent and hair preparation.

BY ARNOLD ROTH

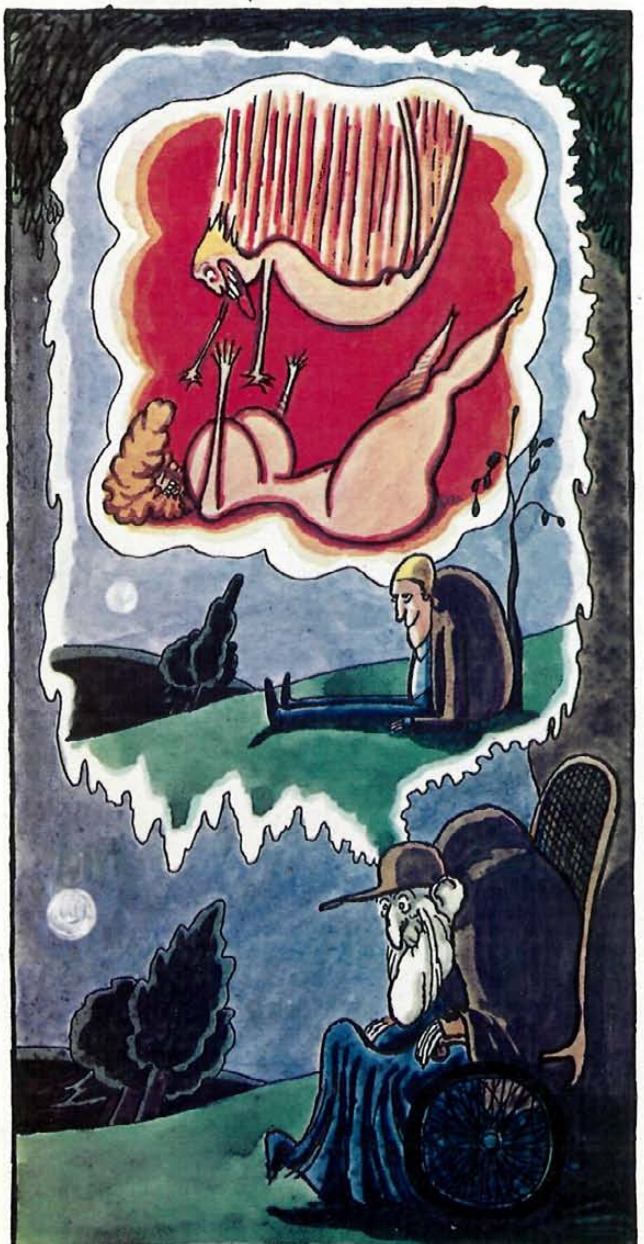
THE Depression Nostalgia



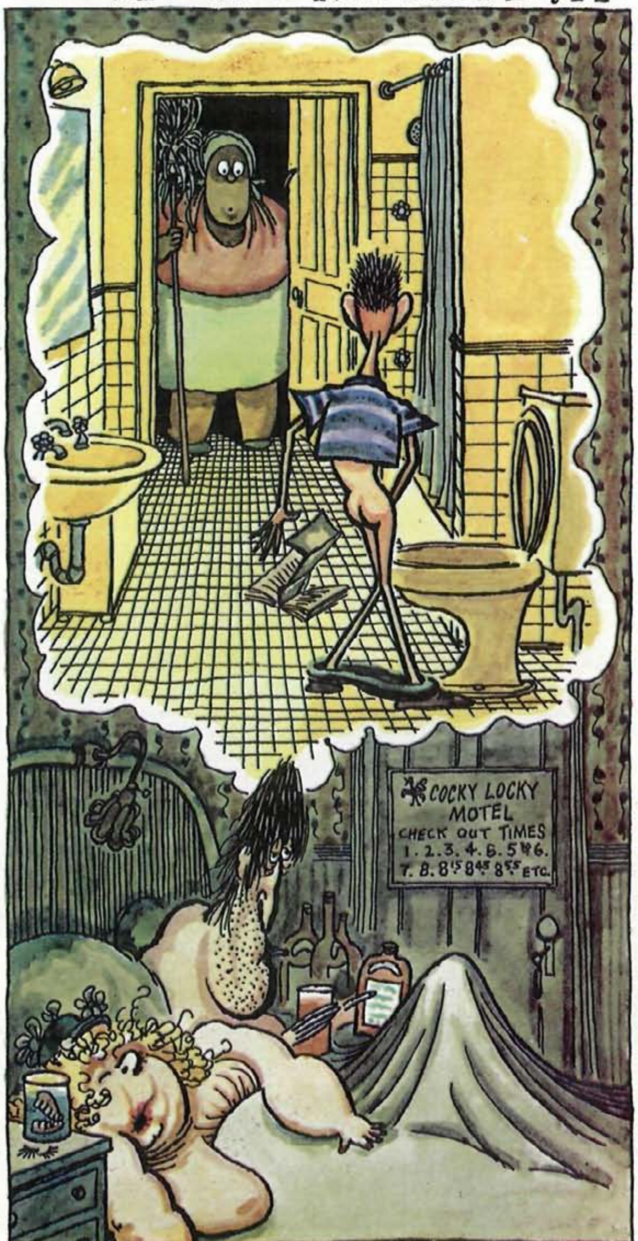


MOVIE NOSTALGIA

SEX NOSTALGIA



LOST INNOCENCE NOSTALGIA





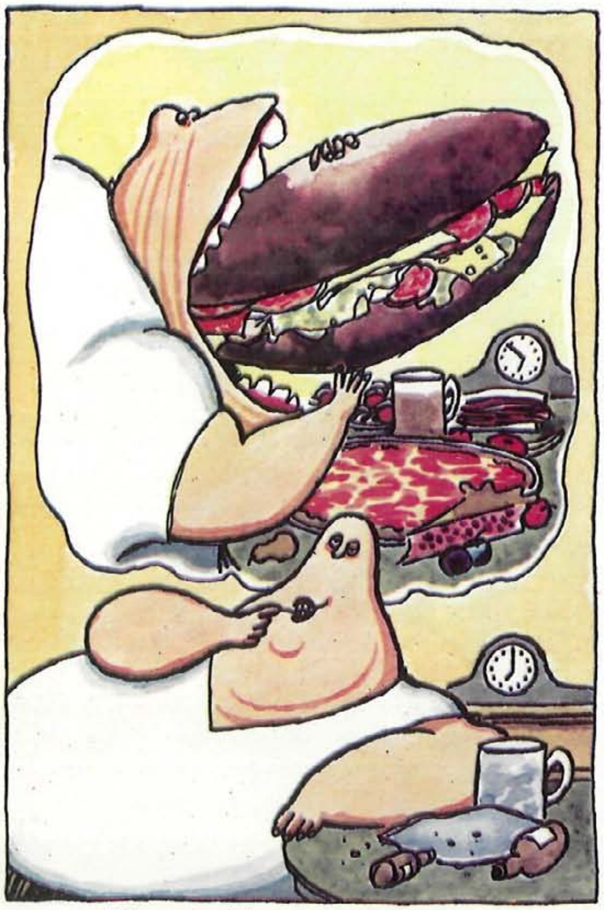
What I Did Last Summer Nostalgia



Last Saturday Night Nostalgia



That Old Gang of Mine Nostalgia



FOOD Nostalgia



Ennui Nostalgia



A GUTS MAGAZINE TRUE COMBAT BONUS

The Dink Patrol and the Love Slaves of Xuyan Tan Phu

He sprayed the crazed killer-kids, knocking them over like dominoes... All that stood between him and certain death was his M16 and a handful of bubble gum...

By Mike O'Donoghue (US Army Ret.)

A twig snapped. Reacting with all the speed and precision of a coiled spring, I spun around and let loose with a burst from my M16. It caught the dink in the neck. She stood there, her face a curious mixture of shock and surprise. Then, as a last vicious act, like a marlin that still snaps after it's in the boat, she threw her doll at me . . . and crumbled. But I hit the dirt before she did. The seconds ticked by like years . . . 8 . . . 9 . . . 10 . . . 11 . . . 12 . . . Nothing happened. The doll must have been a dud. I got up slowly, dusted myself off and remarked, to no one in particular, "Scratch another slant-eye!"

We were out on dink patrol. As part of a Special Forces S&K (Search and Kill) team, the Hueys had dropped us at a clearing in the U Minh forest near the southern tip of the Mekong Delta. We had orders to investigate Xuyan Tan Phu, a town G-2 had reason to believe was a Class I Viet Cong outpost in control of the dread Ta Doi (Dragon) Division. This report was based on information obtained from a VC prisoner minutes before they'd chucked him from a chopper hovering 800 feet over Yu'Chiang. He had also confessed to kidnapping the Lindbergh baby and promised us a secret cure for cancer if we let him live.

The company commander gave us the dope on the mission before we shoved off. When he was done, he paused briefly and added, "You're going into 'no-man's-land,' that is to say, a village run by savage women and children. Anybody who wants to pull out can do so right now and no one will think the less of him!" We stared at him with unblinking eyes. Nobody moved. Nobody spoke a word. He put on his helmet and, flashing a look of grim determination, hollered, "Let's get this show on the road!" His name was Captain Lockport. He was tough, he was flashy, he threw away the rule book. And every man-jack of us would follow the crazy sonofabitch into hell without batting an eyelash.

Moving through the dense underbrush, the relentless Vietnamese sun broiling my back, the leech-infested mud tearing at my boots, my mind went back over the three years I had spent in this squalid country. I recalled the countless times the shifty, unprincipled natives had taken me for a chump. I was 9,000 miles away from home, laying my life on the line to protect their freedom, and the slimy little yellow bastards screwed me every chance they got. There was the street urchin who burned me for a sawbuck on a dope deal. Once I was stopped by a kid who said, "Hey, dog-face! You want make rub-rub with my mama? She plenty good! She virgin!" "What the hell!" I thought to myself and followed him down the narrow, twisting alleys of Saigon until he finally indicated a doorway. I threw open the door. Inside sat a girl, not more than 15, wearing only a pair of sheer, lace panties, which she slipped off as soon as I entered. Pale moonlight splashed through a window and bathed her nakedness She was beautiful, as wogs go. I took her in my arms. Her face was alive with passion and desire. Her warmth was reaching me. I lifted her until our lips met. She clung to me, her firm, ripe breasts heaving with the ecstacy of the moment, her moist lips making promises and delivering. "Take me!" she pleaded. "Take me now!" I threw her to the floor, flung off my clothes and fell on her. Rapture had its way. The next morning, after shoving a fistful of piasters into her grateful hands that still trembled from excitement, I left, never to return. All in all, it cost me a little under three dollars. A few days later, I began to itch. The crummy broad had given me the crabs.

The eerie cry of a chicken jolted me back to reality. We had reached the town. I went in first, alone, cautiously advancing down the road with my rifle at the ready. The joint looked deserted. Maybe the Commies had seen us coming and decided to take a powder. But then a zipper-eye came out from a hut. Then another. And another. Within scant seconds, the road was swarming with them. The mob had encircled me. I was cut off.

There I was, surrounded by women and children. Raw hate gleamed in their eyes like cold steel. "Yankee go home!" was written all over their cruel, Mongol faces. They started to come at me, hands outstretched, clutching, grasping, clawing. Without warning, one of them screamed, "You give chew gum, Joe!" My blood froze. My heart hammered against my rib cage like a pneumatic drill. Knowing that one slip would be my last, I swung my automatic weapon up to gut level and barked, "Freeze, Jocko! One more peep outta you and–" But he kept coming, demanding Hershey bars and powdered milk. Holding my ground, I squeezed off a warning shot that caught him squarely in the right temple. He dropped in his tracks.

As if triggered by a secret signal, the villagers immediately ducked for cover, playing the old Asian game of attack and retreat. A few, in an obvious diversionary tactic, threw themselves at my feet, begging, "No shoot . . . please . . . we give up, boss!" But they weren't getting off that easy. They asked for a fight and now they were going to get it. "Eat lead, heathen gooks!" I shouted and swung into action, sending a hail of hot slugs slashing into the quivering Orientals that knelt before me. If there's one thing I can't stand, it's a coward.

By now my buddies had joined in, raking the Reds with a withering barrage of flying steel, hacking them apart with everything we had, from a blistering rain of small-arms fire to a howling mortar barrage. Not one shot was re-

(continued)

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turned. It was apparent that we'd caught them off guard.

Covered by riveting machine guns that fed belt after belt into the bamboo huts, I pressed our advantage by leading a charge into the main village. "Okay, you meatballs!" I snarled. "Let's go get 'em!" Counting a two-second delay, I lobbed a sputtering, phosphorous incendiary grenade into a group of so-called "civilians" huddled outside the church, undoubtedly plotting some ruthless counter-assault. It clobbered them like a bowling ball hitting the one-three pocket.

I hurled myself through the church door. Inside, pressed against the floor, lay half a dozen curvaceous young girls. They wore only scraps of clothing that revealed their nubile bodies and jutting breasts. I'd read in one of those men's magazines about how the VC's keep love slaves who cater to their every whim, shameless sluts who give themselves to any man who asks. This bevy of buxom beauties who lay panting before me, wantonly displaying their charms, were probably the love slaves of Xuyan Tan Phu. They began jabbering at me in their weird lingo, trying to lure me into some deadly trap. "Keeripes! That mumbo-jumbo's enough to give a guy the willies!", I thought to myself as I slammed in another banana clip and opened up. "Die, moon-face!" I growled as the spitting lead ripped into one of them. The rest made for the door, but I cut them down before they could take two steps.

Only one was left. She knew the game was up. But a cornered rat will try anything. When I raised my rifle to finish the job, she cried, "What are you doing? Why are you slaughtering innocent women, children and infants? We are not NLF sympathizers! We are just harmless peasants! The mission fathers who taught me your language also taught me that Americans were kind! They said — " I hosed her down with my M16, watching the bullets walk across her chest and chew her up. She had betrayed herself as a trained agent, ready to infiltrate and sell us out to the Commies. HerChink masters had taken great pains to teach her English. They'd shown her how to flatter and how to play upon a GI's innate compassion and goodwill. But they forgot one thing — they forgot that it takes more than a pretty face and a few rosary beads to bamboozle an old combat-happy vet like me.

Outside, the battle had erupted into a blasting hell. Chattering M60s underscored the scorching salvos of the 105s tearing the town to shreds. The villagers now realized that their ambush had failed, that this was the end of the line. There was no hiding from the United States Army. I saw a shavetail send a spray of bullets crashing into a party of Vietnamese who foolishly assumed that they could cheat the undertaker by merely raising their hands and waving a white flag. Some mothers cradled babies in their arms, as if using their very children as a human shield would thwart their own deaths. No such luck.

From the corner of my eye, I spotted one of the enemy making a break for the jungle. Since he stood no more than two feet tall, he was going to be hard to hit. It's a common Cong trick to deploy small soldiers who make bad targets. As he toddled toward the foliage, I knew I'd only have one chance to plug him. Taking careful aim, I fired and... bingo! He spun as the steel-jacketed slugs struck home and went down like a canvas-back duck that just stopped a load of No. 5½ buckshot. "Bite dust, slopehead!" I hollered, riddling his body until the clip ran out.

Pulling back to the perimeter of the village, we radioed HQ to send in the "zoomies" to blow it. The tree-skimming bombers arrived tense moments later and let fly with the works—HEs, APs, incendiaries. Flames licked the sky. Occasionally, a dazed survivor would stagger from the inferno, only to be stitched by a sizzling cross fire. It looked like we had it on ice when suddenly the swirling smoke parted and there stood the man that every G I fears the most — *the Geneva Conference Observer!*

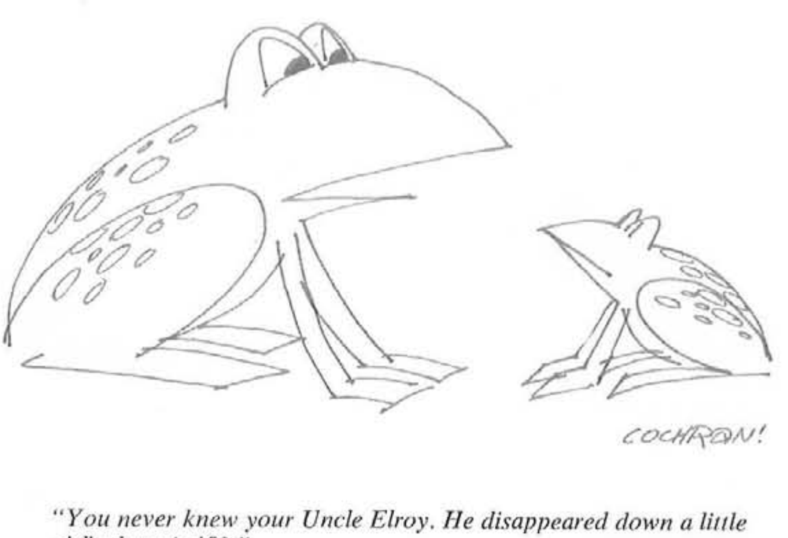
Whipping out my .45, I darted after him, but he was gone before I could get off a shot. Half choking on cordite fumes, I raced into the blazing village, knowing that if I didn't bag him, he'd blab to all those nelly Congressmen, homo non-combatants, kooky eggheads and assorted fruitcakes who would love to raise a stink just because the dinks we zapped may have worn the wrong color pajamas. Needless to say, he'd neglect to mention the cache of jagged scythes, pointed hoes, sharpened digging sticks and all the other tools of terror we had uncovered. This much was dead certain – I had to shoot his mouth off before he did.

I caught sight of him cowering behind a frangi bush. As soon as he saw me, he bolted. I emptied my .45 at the fleeing figure, cursed and took out after him. I chased him up hills, across rivers, through rice paddies. We ran for miles. Then it happened. I tripped over a vine and went down. I was stunned. Pain ignited my head and swept down my spine. My mouth was filled with the salty taste of blood. Somehow, I managed to stumble to my feet. I could hardly walk. I was exhausted. Sheer guts was the only thing driving me on. Sheer guts, and the terrible knowledge that the whole ball game was riding on one man – me!

Finally, I cornered him. "You butchering swine!" he screamed dementedly. "You've violated international agreements, treaties, pacts—" "Nuts to you, buster!" I replied, lashing out with a sledgehammer blow to the crotch. He toppled over with a groan. These Swiss talk big, but they're not so tough when you get them alone. He tried crawling away, but I soon put an end to that with a lightning-fast kick to the head that laid him out for the count. I leapt on him and then pummeled him with pile-driving fury, each dull thud turning his face to hamburger. "You maniac . . ." he managed to mutter, and croaked. Just to make certain, I cut off his head.

By the time I got back to the village, it was nearly twilight. The dying sun shot its last rays through the smoldering trees. As I stood at the outskirts, watching our guys silently sifting the ruins for souvenirs to send home to their sweethearts, a medic rushed up to me and asked, "Are you okay, Chaplain?"

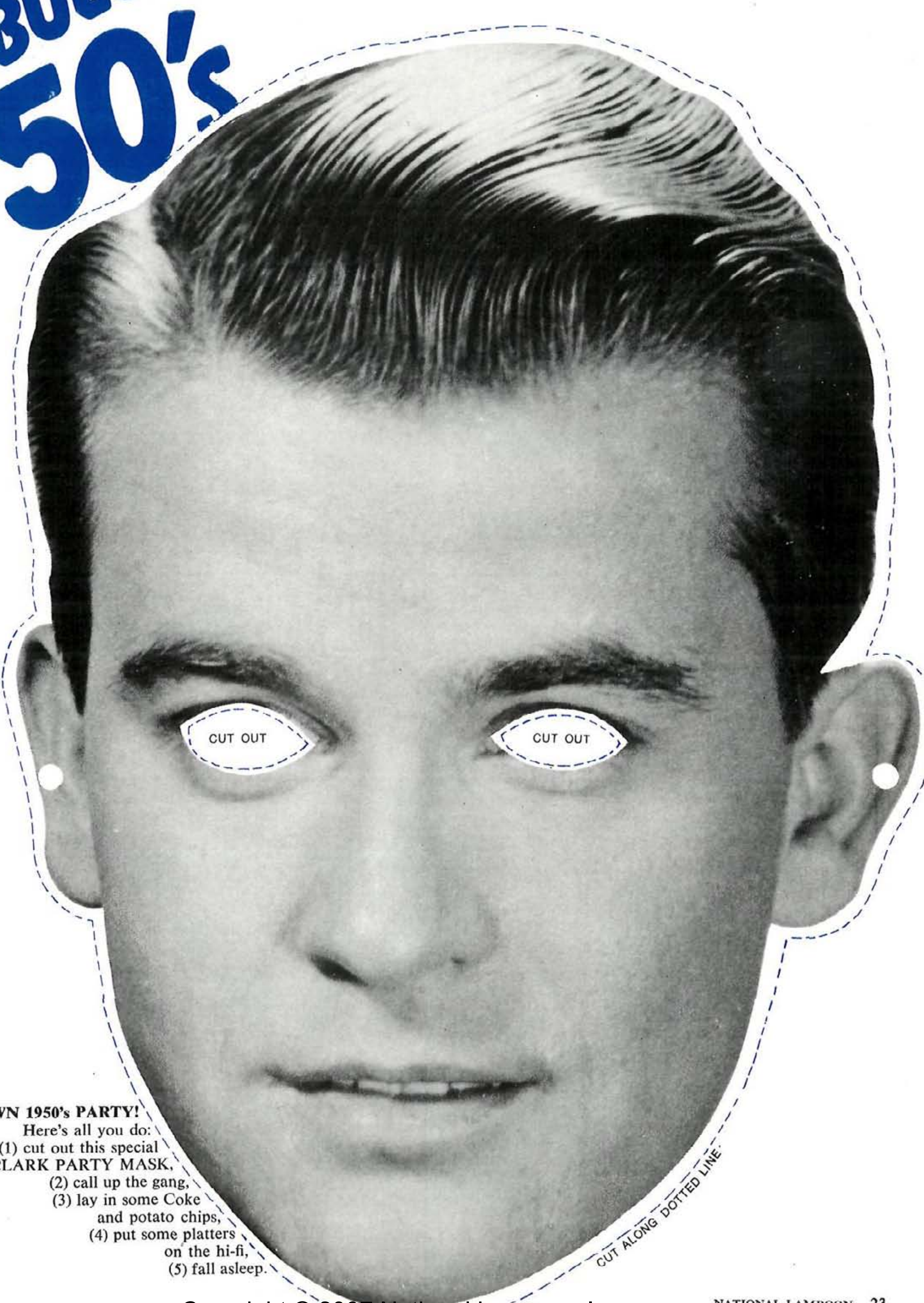
"It's nothing," I replied, "only a flesh wound." □



"You never knew your Uncle Elroy. He disappeared down a little girl's dress in '52."

THOSE FABULOUS 50's

The next 20 pages are dedicated to the years 1950-1959, a time of turbulence and self-searching for America. Return with us now to those thrilling days of slightly warmed pancake batter . . .



THROW YOUR OWN 1950's PARTY!
Here's all you do:
(1) cut out this special DICK CLARK PARTY MASK,
(2) call up the gang,
(3) lay in some Coke and potato chips,
(4) put some platters on the hi-fi,
(5) fall asleep.

THE TEEN-AGE DEATH SONG GAME

by Christopher Cerf

Remember the Teen-age Death songs of the '50's and early '60's? Great, weren't they?

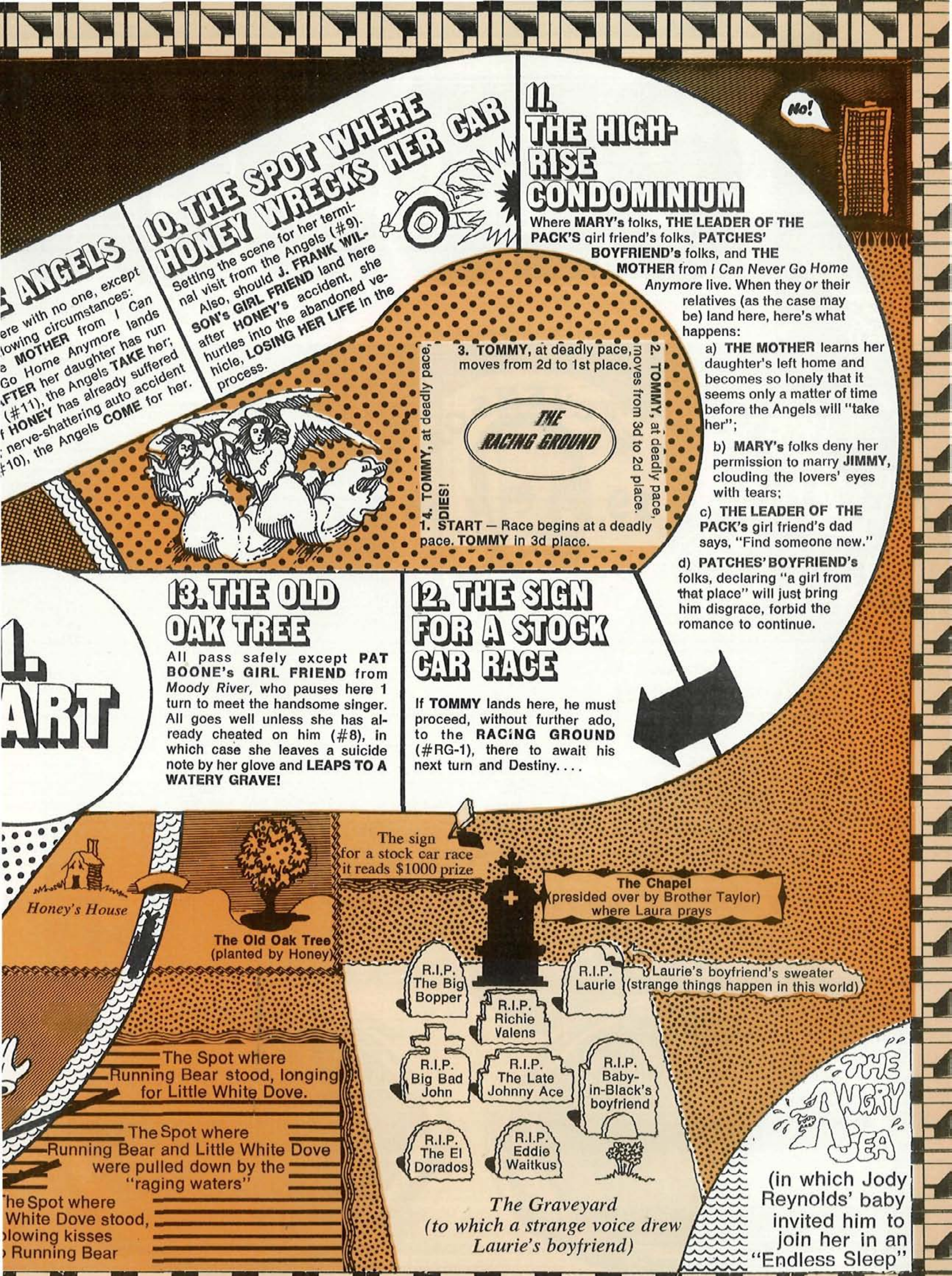
Now comes a game that will actually enable you to relive the lives (and redie the deaths) of those wonderful heroes and heroines from *Teen Angel* and *Tell Laura I Love Her* and *Honey* and *Patches* and all your favorite songs (or most of them, anyway)!

All you need to do to play the wonderful TEEN-AGE DEATH SONG GAME is gather a group of from two to 10 convivial death-song lovers; select, from the list below, the character each player is to represent; place the appropriate tokens on the "START" square (Square #1); and get hold of a pair of dice. Each player rolls in turn and advances his token the number of spaces the dice call for. All instructions on the game board must be followed implicitly. The last player alive at the end of the game is THE WINNER!

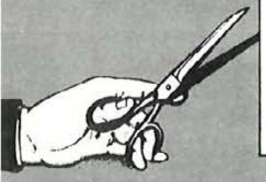
Characters in Death Game

Teen Angel
The Leader of the Pack
Honey
The Mother (from *I Can Never Go Home Anymore*)
Pat Boone's Girl Friend (from *Moody River*)
Tommy (from *Tell Laura I Love Her*)
Jimmy and Mary (from *Give Us Your Blessings*)
Patches
(The following may be used *only* if there are nine or more players.)
Patches' Boyfriend
J. Frank Wilson's Girl Friend (from *Last Kiss*)




E ANGELS
ere with no one, except
lowing circumstances:
a MOTHER from I Can
Go Home Anymore lands
FTER her daughter has run
(#11), the Angels TAKE her;
f HONEY has already suffered
nerve-shattering auto accident
#10), the Angels COME for her.
10. THE SPOT WHERE HONEY WRECKS HER CAR
Setting the scene for her terminal visit from the Angels (#9). Also, should J. FRANK WILSON's GIRL FRIEND land here after HONEY's accident, she hurtles into the abandoned vehicle, LOSING HER LIFE in the process.
11. THE HIGH-RISE CONDOMINIUM
No!
Where MARY's folks, THE LEADER OF THE PACK'S girl friend's folks, PATCHES' BOYFRIEND's folks, and THE MOTHER from I Can Never Go Home Anymore live. When they or their relatives (as the case may be) land here, here's what happens:
a) THE MOTHER learns her daughter's left home and becomes so lonely that it seems only a matter of time before the Angels will "take her";
b) MARY's folks deny her permission to marry JIMMY, clouding the lovers' eyes with tears;
c) THE LEADER OF THE PACK's girl friend's dad says, "Find someone new."
d) PATCHES' BOYFRIEND's folks, declaring "a girl from that place" will just bring him disgrace, forbid the romance to continue.
THE RACING GROUND
1. START — Race begins at a deadly pace. TOMMY in 3d place.
2. TOMMY, at deadly pace, moves from 3d to 2d place.
3. TOMMY, at deadly pace, moves from 2d to 1st place.
4. TOMMY, at deadly pace, DIES!
1. START
13. THE OLD OAK TREE
All pass safely except PAT BOONE's GIRL FRIEND from Moody River, who pauses here 1 turn to meet the handsome singer. All goes well unless she has already cheated on him (#8), in which case she leaves a suicide note by her glove and LEAPS TO A WATERY GRAVE!
12. THE SIGN FOR A STOCK CAR RACE
If TOMMY lands here, he must proceed, without further ado, to the RACING GROUND (#RG-1), there to await his next turn and Destiny. . . .
Honey's House
The Old Oak Tree
(planted by Honey)
The sign
for a stock car race
it reads $1000 prize
The Chapel
(presided over by Brother Taylor)
where Laura prays
R.I.P. The Big Bopper
R.I.P. Richie Valens
R.I.P. Laurie
Laurie's boyfriend's sweater
(strange things happen in this world)
R.I.P. Big Bad John
R.I.P. The Late Johnny Ace
R.I.P. Baby-in-Black's boyfriend
R.I.P. The El Dorados
R.I.P. Eddie Waitkus
The Graveyard
(to which a strange voice drew Laurie's boyfriend)
The Spot where Running Bear stood, longing for Little White Dove.
The Spot where Running Bear and Little White Dove were pulled down by the "raging waters"
he Spot where
White Dove stood,
lowing kisses
Running Bear
THE ANGRY SEA
(in which Jody Reynolds' baby invited him to join her in an "Endless Sleep")

If you
stuck this
on your bumper
in the '50's,
you got
your tires
slashed.
And maybe
your throat.









These items at left
are facsimiles of costume
jewelry once popular
in the middle of that
dynamite decade.
Paste one over your
"Fuck for Peace" button.
It'll really turn Dad's
head around.



Teen Tunes Recording, Inc.
New York, New York

Oct 4 1955 1-108/210

PAY TO THE ORDER OF Alan Freed $1200.00

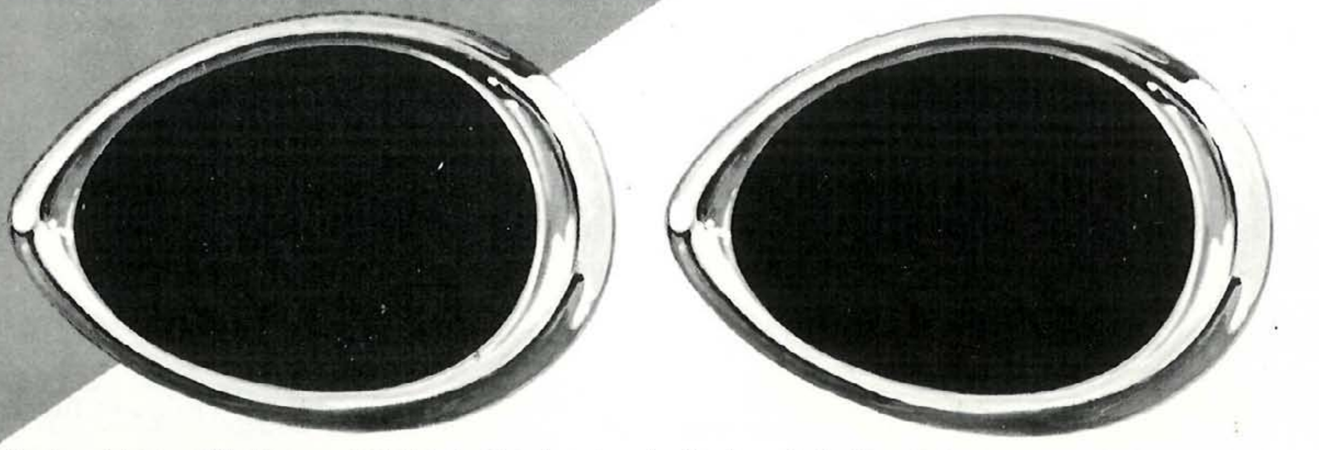
Twelve hundred and 00/00 DOLLARS

Chase Chemical Grace Trust Company
New York, New York

For Payola

Mort Goldberg

Alan Freed
was the man
most responsible
for putting
Rock where it
is today.
This document
put Alan Freed
where *he*
is today.



Sunglasses? Ashtrays? No, these are old Buick holes. Paste four along the side of your Volks. Use only three if you own the cheaper model.

OF KOREA

Sponsored by the National Association of Citizens for Peace, Copyright 1952.

Cut out and paste back-to-back, and you are now an official Joe McCarthy card-carrying Communist.

OFFICIAL
AMERICAN COMMUNIST
PARTY

8390AA **DD**

(signature)
is a member in good standing

23-D-99
New York City, N.Y.

YOUR PHOTO HERE

Party Cell
City, State
Date
Approved by:

(Signature of Authorized Agent)



A real 3-D comic! Hold red and blue cellophanes over your eyes and get a real mind-blower, i.e., a splitting headache.




CANDY
BOOKS
UNTAMED



FIFTIES FASHIONS

The 'Sharp' Look

Hey, all you Kats 'n' Kittens, dig these frantic fashions! Get hep to these keen teens *(pictured at left)* and soon that stuck-up Dreamboat will change his tune from "See you later, alligator," to "Come along and be my party doll"! Heavy dates at the soda shop? The dungaree doll *(far left)* has on one of Dad's *old shirts.* (Make sure it's really old, or Dad'll *flip!*) Her raunchy rumbler *(next left)* hangs loose in stompin' boots and "sickle jacket," carefully decorated with *his* daddy-o's old tire chains. "White bucks and saddle shoes, that's what the kids all use," says the center couple. Pink-striped pegged trou and a super-yet-sensible shirtwaist make them the coolest kids in the cafeteria. Prom coming up? Well, the guys can easily rent a snazzy tux *(second from right).* Say you can't hack tying the bow tie? Fake-out! It's a *clip-on*, so no sweat. As for your date *(right)*, she'll be Queen of the Hop in tiers of ruffled organdy and, of course, *bows, bows, bows!*

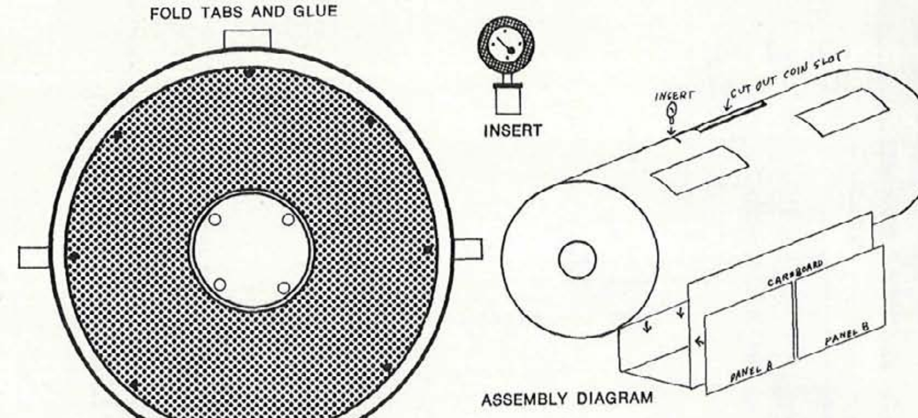
Photos by Bob Fike

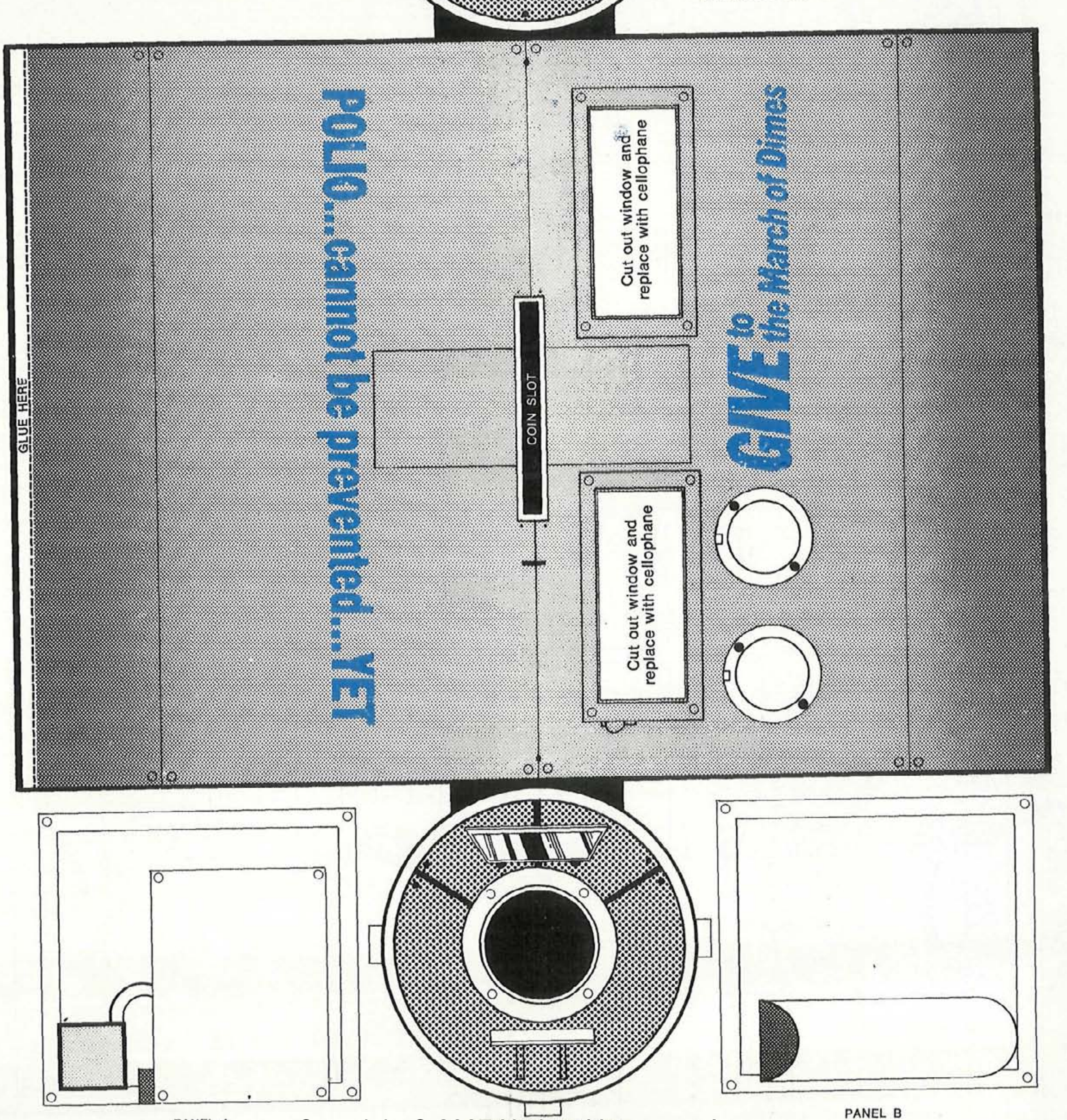


Choosing the Reet Accessories...

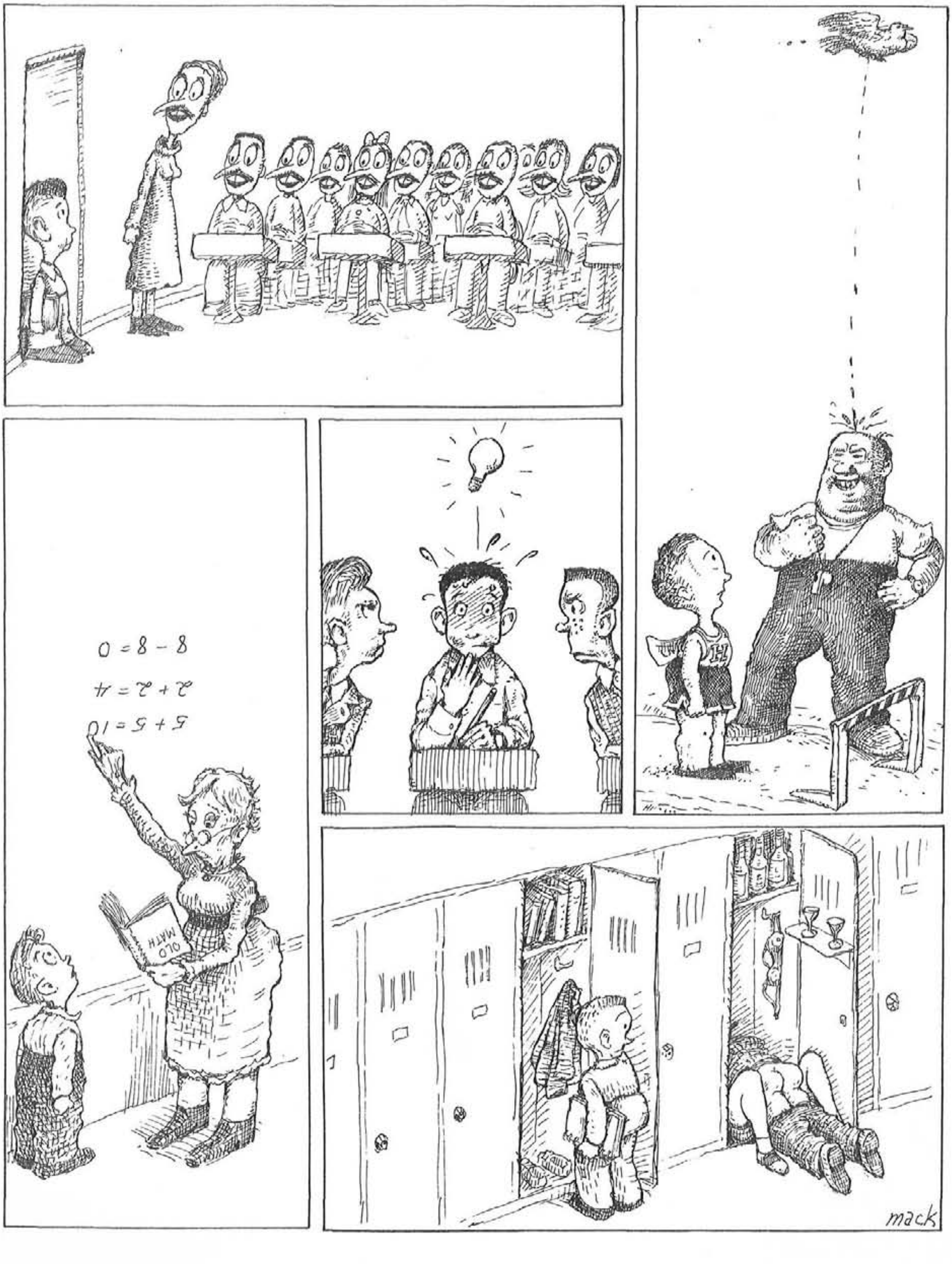
1 Any drip who tries to bird dog your baby will have a real blast from your homemade zip gun. Snap off some cube's car aerial for a barrel, make the firing pin in shop class and load with .22 caliber bullets. **2** Not old enough for "16 candles"? Your pajama-party pals will make you a dog biscuit corsage for your 13th birthday. Jelly beans for your 14th, etc., etc. . . . **3** If the Math teacher is cruisin' for a bruisin', give him a taste of your garrison belt. Sharpen the buckle edges for best results. **4** Bubble gum. ("All right, wise guy, swallow it!") **5** The quiet walks, the noisy fun, the ballroom prize you almost won . . . you will have these moments to remember with your 14-karat gold charm bracelet. **6** No tan shoes with pink shoe-laces? Spiff up those loafers with a bright, shiny, 1954 quarter. **7** You can step on my blue suede shoes, but you better lay off my engineer boots with the razor blade in the sole. Just for kicks, gang. **8** Kookie, Kookie, lend me your comb. Preferably a rattail 9-incher encased in hardened Lucky Tiger hair wax. **9** The High School Ring. Legal tender for "third base." **10** The (gasp) Ankle Bracelet. Wear over sweatsocks, *under* nylon stockings.

Remember when Mom wouldn't let you out of the house on hot summer days? And no swimming at the pool when you were "overheated" —the only time you wanted to swim, right? This charming Iron Lung Donation Box is one bit of nostalgia that no longer plagues our supermarkets and drugstore counters, thanks to Dr. Salk. Well, actually thanks to Dr. Sabin.





Ghoul Days
By Stan Mack





CAT-CALLS

EZRA TAFT BENSON HIGH SCHOOL YEAR BOOK 1956

DEDICATION



Rupert L. Peen
(1871-1956)
Senior Civics

To you, Mr. Peen, the Ezra Taft Benson Bobcats of 1956 respectfully dedicate this edition of *Cat-Calls*. Your lifelong devotion to Senior Civics was always reflected in your interesting discussions on how our government works and how it could be improved. You introduced each civics class to the world of ideas, and there are few of us who will ever forget your lectures on the little-known benefits of the World Socialist League and the slide shows of happy Russian peasants you always brought back from your summer trips abroad.

But your loyalty to the Bobcat Brown and Green went beyond the classroom, Mr. Peen. We remembered how you cheered and cheered at every football game, never forgetting to ask the quarterback for a small memento of victory for your collection . . . a spiked kicking shoe, a damp, mud-caked Bobcat jersey. We remember, too, your warm, wonderful grin and twinkling eyes as you stood watching us in our after game showers.

We are truly sorry, too, for the unkind jokes we made about your cough and those nicknames like "Hacker" and "Old Croupy." We had no idea at the time you had cancer of the trachea.

The Bobcats of 1956 are saddened by your passing away, and wish to extend our continued good wishes and respect, wherever you may be.



To the Class of '56

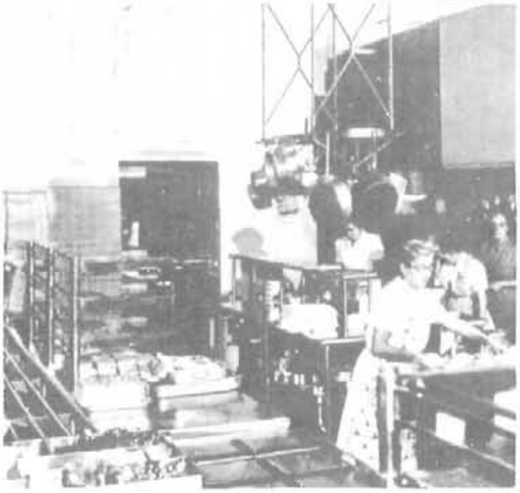
Dear Seniors,

A famous man once said, "A chain is only as strong as its weakest link." This means that Life, like Football, is based on team effort. Your club, school or country, is a team, and your team can be weakened by even a single unreliable or disloyal teammate. As your team goes forth into the promise of the future, be ever vigilant for those "weak links" who spread discontent, habitually "rock the boat" or generally act in a suspicious manner. Keeping your eyes peeled for these individuals is not always easy, but, as Thomas Edison said, "Vigilance is 2 per cent inspiration and 98 per cent perspiration." It is sad but true that these individuals may appear anywhere, even in the classroom, and often their subversive ideas are not uncovered until after they have passed from the scene.

On the Team of Life some will be quarterbacks, some will be cheerleaders, and some will only warm the bench; but whatever our positions on that greatest of teams, let us all dedicate ourselves to keeping it on the winning side of the scoreboard.

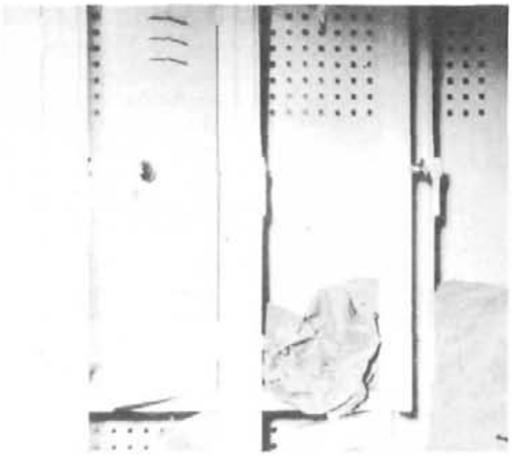
Sincerely yours,
Ralph C. Krintzler
Principal

ADMINISTRATION



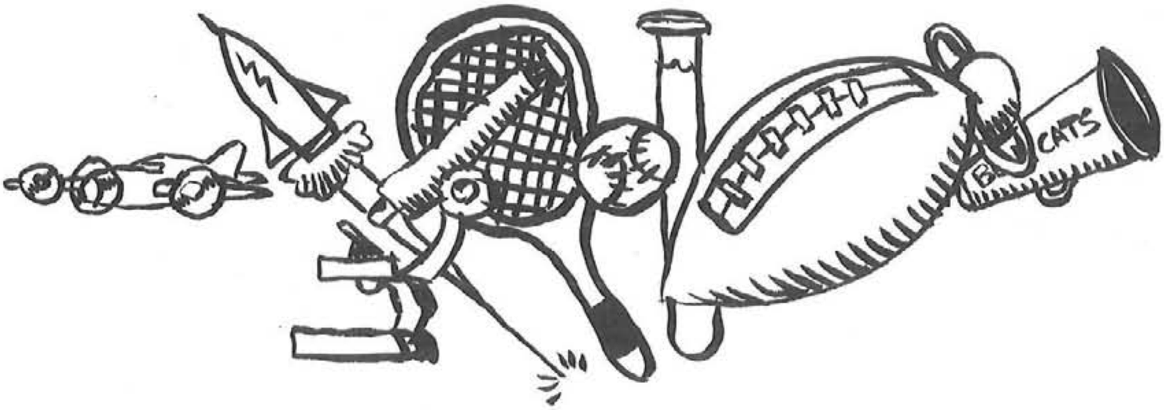
Food Services

Left to right: Mrs. E. Sobel, Mrs. B. Latvia, Mrs. J. Kresnik, Mrs. D. Strogoff



Office Staff

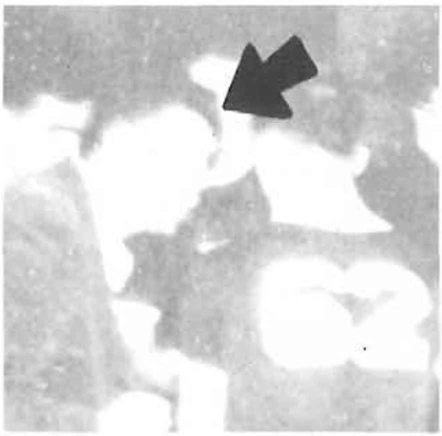
Left to right: Mrs. Ethel Loach, Mrs. Marjorie Klishner, Mrs. Edith Mulch





Science Department

Mr. Bernard Bunsen



Athletic Department

Mr. Fred Thamme



CARL CZOUROWSKI
"Moose"

Varsity Football, Varsity Basketball, Varsity Baseball, Varsity Track, Varsity Wrestling, Varsity Weight Lifting, All-County Football Cup, Mc-Loon Athletics Award, Remedial English Club.

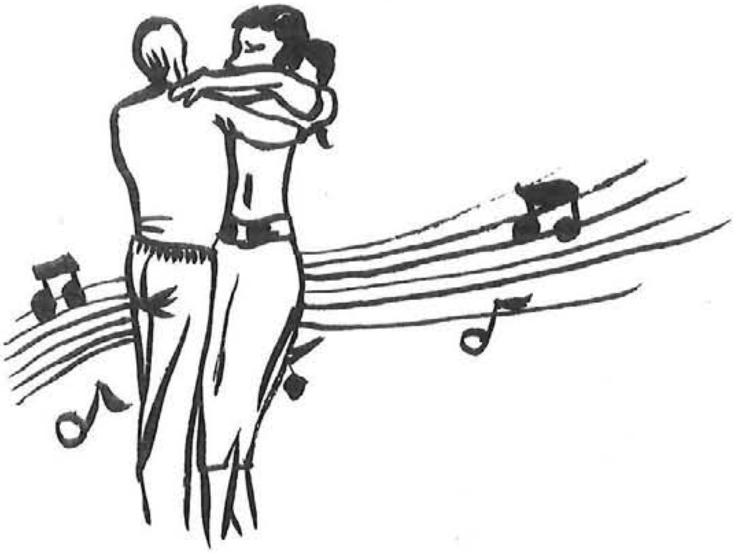
Spotlight on sports!.."plowed" . . . fuel-injected 'vette . . . "Wanna knuckle sandwich?" . . . gross-out . . . a future Marine . . . hates homos.



MARY-ELIZABETH FLOUNCE
"Winkie"

Pep Club, Senior Twirlers, Prom Committee, Bobcat Boosters, Senior Prom Queen, Catnips, Social Editor of *Cat-Calls,* Treasurer of Student Council, Charm Club, Honor Volleyball, Honor Bowling, Honor Softball, Senior Cheering, Drama Club, Spanish Club, Caterwaulers, Bobkittens, Whiskerettes, Girls' Leaders Club, National Honor Society, Bobcadettes.

Personality plus . . . pert 'n' perky . . . a busy bee . . . gift of gab . . . tall and slim . . . nice to everyone . . . a born leader . . . neat dresser . . . nice to everyone . . . winning laugh . . . the stage is her destiny— or maybe marriage . . ."Oh, fudge!"





BRUCE FOX
"Buzz"

President of Student Council, Co-Captain Varsity Football, President National Honor Society, Class Valedictorian, President of Senior Class, Editor of *Cat-Calls,* Vice-President of Senior Class, Rotary Scholarship, Citizenship Award, Benson Basketball Award, Chairman Senior Prom Committee, Boys' Leadership Club, Treasurer of Senior Class, Student Executive Council, V.F.W. Patriotism Award, President of Drama Club, Junior Red Cross, Varsity Track, Varsity Basketball, Sports Council, Secretary of Senior Class, Senior Prom King, Tri-Y, Editor of *Cat-Tales,* Neatness Citation.

Firm handshake and a winning smile . . ."Hi!". . . friendly and outgoing . . . a leader of men . . . nice guy to all . . . well-liked . . . sincere . . ."terrific!" . . . Mr. Popularity . . . going places . . . a future pharmacist!



WALLACE HOOPER
"Gus-Gus"

2d tuba in Caterwaulers, gossip column in *Cat-Tales,* Spanish Club.

Class clown . . . wisecracks . . . bow ties . . . a regular Milton Berle . . . spitball champ . . . fruit boots . . . a laugh and a half . . ."Drink your soup before it clots!"



SHIRLEY KRESNIK
"Tiny"

Honor Volleyball, Home Economics Club, Spanish Club, Bobcat Boosters, Tidiness Committee.

Pleasingly plump . . . newcomer from St. Helena High . . . lots of school spirit . . . digs Rory Calhoun, stuffed animals . . . mad about malteds . . . many pen pals . . . freckles . . . circle pin . . . loads of laughs . . . loves pizza with the works . . . a fun kid . . ."Gee, that looks yummy!"



LLOYD MELTZER
"Einstein"

Stamp Club, Radio Club, Math Club, State Science Fair Honorable Mention, Biology Club, Science Club, J.V. Badminton.

Uses big words . . . a real whiz at math . . . four eyes . . . "the Brain". . . cries in gym . . . "Help, Moose is after me!"

ROCCO VASELINO
"J.D."

Indûstrial Arts, Accordion Club.

Lady-killer . . . ace mechanic . . . snow job . . . chopped and channeled Merc . . . laying rubber . . . midnight mover . . . tooling past the Dairy Queen . . . smooth operator . . . white sidewalls . . . cha-cha champ.





MARCIA PERULKA
"Sarge"

Honor Volleyball, Honor Basketball, Honor Field Hockey, Honor Softball, Honor Archery, Honor Water Polo, Honor Ping-Pong, Honor Wrestling, Rifle Club.

A real go-getter . . . Don't step on her white bucks . . . flame-red Harley-Davidson . . . "Wanna make something of it, mac?". . . a future practical nurse.

VERONICA WEBER
"Jugs"

Bobcat Boosters, Catnips, Spanish Club.

Flirt . . . nice figure . . . submarine races . . . "padiddle" . . . built for speed . . "Not here!" . . . 2d base on first date . . . vacations in Puerto Rico . . . "Help, Moose is after me!"





RONALD SCHNISSEL
"Zits"

Hall Monitor, Study Hall Proctor, School Yard Police, Chairman Student Discipline Committee, Good Citizenship Council, Attendance Officer, Student Court Prosecutor, Cafeteria Squad, Tidiness Officer, Lavatory Patrol, Rifle Club.

Popular with the faculty . . . quiet . . . tennis shoes . . . keeps to himself . . . "Help, Moose is after me!"

LEONARD WUMKE
"Yo-Yo"

Winner of Class Day Lottery.

A good listener.

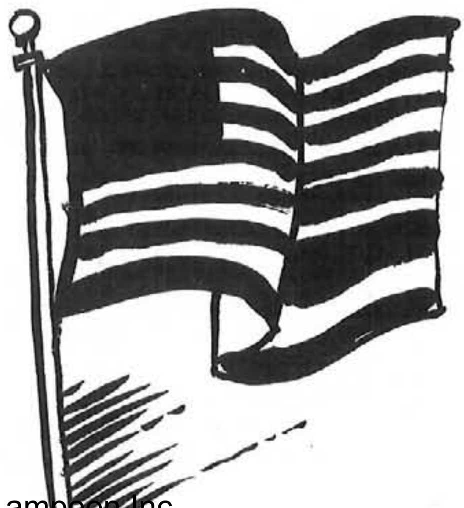




CHARLOTTE ULBO
"Charlotte"

Typing Club II.

Neat and well-groomed . . . a smile for all.







BOBCADETTES

The Ezra Taft Benson Bobcadettes have cheered our Bobcats to a respectable 2-6 season, three games of which, while not actual victories, were either extremely close or practically ties.

Left to right: B. Hopkins, L. Langdorf, C. Robonson, V. Cummings.



SPANISH CLUB

The Spanish Club meets weekly to gain a better understanding of our less fortunate neighbors to the south. Spanish plays, art and souvenirs are keenly discussed, and collections of milk money are annually pledged to the Latin American Poor People's Fund.

Left to right: R. Duhart, V. Ferrara, S. Jamus, M. Kurtlander, G. Prussak, K. Stern, A. Valle, D. Maloney, D. Russell, J. Subetto, L. Towbis, H. Vital, M. Moller, T. Lynch, W. Kiltenis, D. Cooper, I. Geist, J. Durak, B. Charles, R. Bojack, F. Ainsworth, J. Grayson, A. Kaiser, D. Reidy, S. Marshall, H. Sidney, J. Frei, G. Dwight, A. Clare, M. Brown, F. Asgard, V. Jamowitz, W. Malbacher, D. Saar, W. Strome, I. Valli, R. Sedley, E. Redd, S. Solomon, E. Jocell, H. Horn, B. Gluckman, M. Gardner, H. Engel, P. Montilla, V. Price, D. Spear, I. Korngold, G. Hamilton, L. Glover, C. Carr, N. Brown.





CIVIL DEFENSE CLUB

The Civil Defense Club performs a valuable service to the school by giving monthly demonstrations of the newest methods of protecting oneself against the direct hit of a Russian sneak attack.

Left to right: D. Hanson, B. Reynolds, R. Stacy.





RADIO CLUB

Bobcat electronic engineers-to-be are engrossed in their futuristic research.

Left to right: L. Truman, R. Delaney, M. Gross



BOBCAT DRAMATIC CLUB

The Bobcat Dramatic Club's entertaining production of *School Daze* was a real treat enjoyed by students and parents alike. In this scene, Patty Pettigrew has just discovered that someone has stolen the entire Pep Club Treasury.





CHESS CLUB

Left to right: L. Schmidt

THE CLASS HISTORY



Most Likely to Succeed



Best Dancers



Most Flirtatious



Least Likely to Succeed

Dear Diary,

The year started off with a bang when the fall bake sale took in over $85 for our Washington trip (of course, we donated some of that to Red Feather). Heading the fund raising drive was Shirley "Tiny" Kresnik, a welcome addition to old E.T.B.H.S., who did a terrific job of organizing everything (although a few of us were afraid she might eat up the profits!).

Then football season was upon us. While the team had a fairly undistinguished season on the playing field, rumor has it that after the final game, our own Jugs Weber set a new record in the locker room (one "loving" cup, coming up!).

December was marked by Sarge taking second prize in the Oswego County Oratory Contest. I'm sure no one who heard her stirring speech on "Peaceful Coexistence – Moscow's Triumph and America's Shame," will ever forget it.

I tried to keep track of how many times Moose punched out Yo-Yo and Einstein, but I lost count after 70. Nothing gets Moose more steamed than "peculiar behavior" (and that includes those kooky Walter Benton poetry books, Einstein!).

January was marred by Zits slashing his wrists after Gus-Gus made a crack about how his complexion resembled "a bowl of Quaker Oats." However, Mr. Krintzler arranged for his lessons to be sent to the hospital and Zits was able to keep up until his recovery.

May found us chugging our way to Washington, D.C., where we visited the Lincoln Memorial and were photographed in front of the Capitol. Most interesting was an FBI tour that showed how the Russkies were attempting to stab this nation in the back and rob us of our priceless heritage. The real fun, needless to say, was back at the hotel where we all got plastered. Really looped. COMPLETELY STINKO! We threw water-filled Coke bottles from the windows, Moose and Sarge beat up a few fruits, and, according to rumor, Jugs broke her old record.

The senior prom decorating committee transformed the gym into a magic wonderland, stringing crepe paper from the basketball hoops, putting dry ice in the punch and renting an actual fountain. All the gals looked keen in their strapless evening gowns (or "gownless evening straps" – hardeharhar!) set off with an attractive wrist corsage. Music was provided by Tony Timex and his Sax Fiends with Buzz and Winki reigning as King and Queen. Later, J.D. spiked the punch and we all got really loaded. Bombed out of our minds! ABSOLUTELY BLOTTO! Everybody had a swell time except for Zits, who started barfing just because Gus-Gus called him "Pizza-face."

Well, Diary, I have to go now because there's so much to do, what with finals, graduation and all. I'd like to close by reassuring our parents, who scrimped and sacrificed so we might have a decent education, that we won't let them down. Some of us have already begun shouldering our responsibilities. Moose has accepted a position as an automobile body repairman and Gus-Gus starts next month as a credit manager trainee for a whole chain of dry cleaning stores. A few guys are even going on to college to become engineers.

That's all for now!

Yours truly,
The Class of 1956

P.S. If anybody wants to know what to get Zits for a graduation present, something neat he can really use, how about a *50-pound tube of Acnomel!* Or, better yet, SOME WOOD PUTTY!





Class Clowns



Worst Dancers

THE CLASS PROPHECY
10 Years Later









Let's gaze into our crystal ball and see what the future holds for the '56 Bobcats:

Tiny has just won the International Canasta Championships (hiding a few black 3's up your sleeve?).

Moose has taken over Johnny Antonelli's slot with the New York Giants ("Antlers in the Treetops" or . . .).

Buzz has gone all the way on *The $100,000 Challenge* (the category, natch, is "Famous Dirty Birds"!).

Jugs has sold her memoirs to *Confidential* entitled, "I Was a Bobcat Booster for the FBI!" (Too racy for *Collier's*, we suppose!)

J.D. is tooling around in a shiny, raked and flamed, two-toned 1966 Kaiser (10 points for a pregnant nun!).

Einstein has discovered an anti-polio pill and appears regularly on *Medic*. (Smooth move, Ex-Lax!)

Gus-Gus is a top Hollywood comic, currently costarring with Donald O'Connor in *Francis, the Talking Mule, Meets the Teen-age Werewolf*, (and — you guessed it ! — Yo-Yo plays Francis!).

Winkie is the new filter-tipped Old Gold Dancing Cigarette Pack (a bunny hopping cancer stick?).

Sarge has received raves for her performance as a lumberjack on *Playhouse 90* (nice play, Shakespeare!).

And *Zits* has written a smash calypso song that's Number 1 on *Your American Hit Parade* (and we thought the only steel bands you knew about were those ugly braces on your teeth!).



CLASS CHEER (Dedicated to Principal Ralph Krintzler)



Forward, we go, all in step,
Up Life's path with vim and pep;
Counting off 1-9-5-6;
Keeping up with all the tricks.

Youth and vigor, that's our game.
Other classes aren't the same.
Under banners brown and green
Ready to back up our team.

Action, that's the password here.
Let's go ape and give a cheer;
Pierce the air with "Sis! Boom! Bah!"
Here's to Benson's Bobcats — Rah!

AUTOGRAPHS

to Winkey
when your dead
The Dejer will say
Here Lies the sheLL
the nut passed away.
Your nit K. thensinks
Leanard Harold Winke

Dearest Mary Elizabeth, Dated Forever
Friendship is a golden chain.
Please consider me a link
LOVE!
Marcia Perouka

2 sweet
2 me
2 be
4 got-
10

Dear Winki,
As you go sliding down
the bannister of life, remember
me as a splinter in your
ca-reer!
Sincerely,
Rocco Vaselino
June, 1956

Dear Winki
ONWARD Little Bedbugs
marching down the sheet
When you get to the bottom
TICKLE Winki's FEET carol Thomas
"BOOK"

Dear Winki first comes
love
then comes marriage
then comes pushing a baby carriage
yours till powder puffs
Veronica W.
6.23.56

Winki
May You sail on the
ship "expectations"
& dock at the pier
called "success"
"Buzz"

24 De Junio de 1956
apreciable Señorita [illegible]
¡Buena suerte y no se olvide
de nosotros!
La saluda afectuosamente,
S.S., Q.E.S.M.
Señorita
Margaret
Miller

Mary,
Roses are green,
violets are pink
That is after the
15th drink
Lots of luck
Boose
Zouzowsck!

Mary,
Georgia grows peaches
Florida grows them too,
But it took a dump like
Ezra Taft Benson High School
To grow a peach like you
Best Wishes
Lloyd

Best Wishes
Charlotte Ulbo

To Mary,
When Imperial sheets has
arrived happi to Mrs. Yours!
Yours till Philip Morris
Ledes a camel to
find Old Gold
and makes a
Lucky Strike —
Shirley Kressik

Winki—
REMEMBER THE BOY FROM THE COUNTRY.
REMEMBER THE BOY FROM THE TOWN.
REMEMBER THE BOY WHO SPOILED YOUR BOOK
BY WRITING UP-SIDE DOWN!
BEST WISHES WALLY HOOPER

"... IN ALL THINGS."
RALPH C. KRINTZLER
PRINCIPAL

FOR DIRTY PEOPLE ONLY → USE LIFEBUOY! (HA-HA)

To Mary
Elizabeth
by hook or
by crook I'll
be last in this
book. Good luck
in the future.
Jimmy B. Amstead

MONSTER MEMORIES

Catching Up
with the Stars of the
Silver Scream
By Rick Meyerowitz

Back in the heyday of Sci-Fi Cinema, a kid's 25-cent ticket would buy an entire afternoon's worth of Technicolor Terrors whose compulsion to gobble up the Tokyo skyline kept us glued to our seats, with the help, of course, of a misplaced hunk of Bonomo's Turkish Taffy. Every Saturday a million kids marched to the local Monster Matinee to see their favorite fiends do their dastardly stuff. As thousands of extras fled in panic from these not-so-jolly Green Giants (at Tashika Film Corp., life is cheap, Captain Bailey), a million 10-year-old sadists yelped with delight. But now that the bottom has dropped out of the Latex lizard market, the *National Lampoon* has decided to track down our favorite horrible headliners and answer the question, "Where (and What) Are They Now?"

Godzilla wisely refused to be trapped in the endless cycle of shoddy remakes that usually follow a big hit like *The Bride of the Son of Frankenstein, Return Yet Again of the Annoying Step-niece of Frankenstein's Godmother.* Instead, this savvy salamander invested his part of the gross in the booming Japanese urban renewal industry and formed his own successful demolition company. As a single karate chop levels bridges and skyscrapers, Godzilla happily composes his own advertising slogans ("A bulldozer dozes, but a Tyrannosaurus *wrecks!*").





The Blob, after a number of unsuccessful comeback attempts *(The Blister, The Globule, The Tumor),* saved up enough in modeling fees from Jell-O commercials to produce his own patented gelatine dessert. This substance, which bears a suspicious resemblance to you-know-who, has an extra special secret surprise in every package. Instead of you eating it, it eats *you.*





Good fortune has blessed the **Creature from the Black Lagoon.** Our rubbery reptile makes a nice living from business ventures ranging from work as a swimsuit model ("Just Wear a Snarl and a Jantzen") to his own amusement park, Lagoonland. For relaxation, the Creature lifeguards at Lagoonland's own kiddie pool. Although patrons were first unsettled by his carnivorous leanings, the Creature is quickly making new friends. Giggles the Creature, "I'm especially (belch) fond of children."

Rodan the Flying Monster hasn't been so lucky. After a long bout of convivial tippling, rowdy Rodie and some barroom pals from the Lost Continent accidently flattened Detroit, and he flew the coop the next day just ahead of a 100-billion dollar lawsuit.

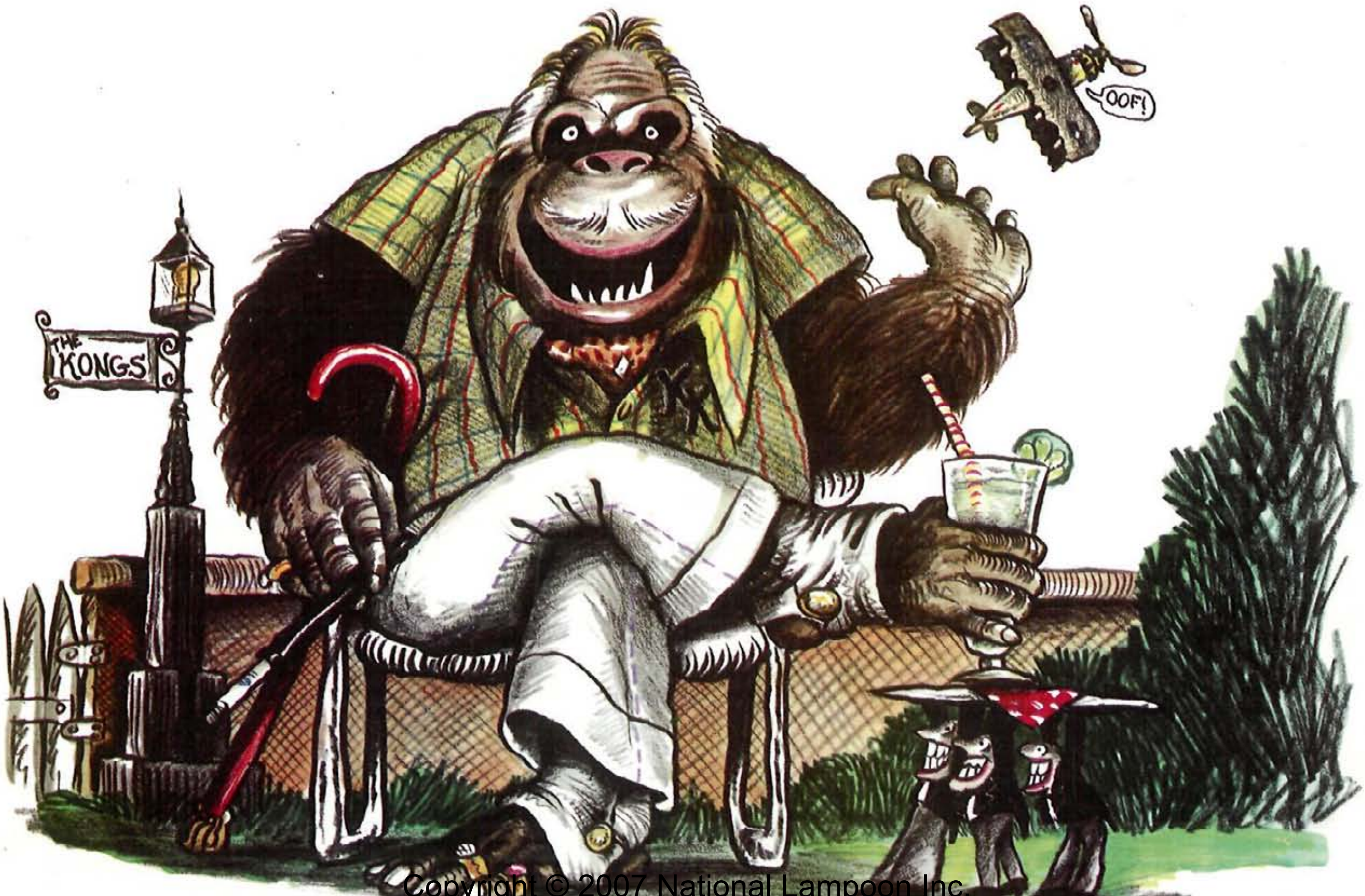
Cleverly disguised with a false beard and moustache, our soaring scalawag now ekes out a marginal existence as a skywriter and flying billboard. He also moonlights for the U.S. Air Force as an Unidentified Flying Object for air shows.

After the unforgettable **I Was a Teenage Wolfman,** Wolfie had gone to the dogs and was forced to earn his keep as the "before" leg in Nair depilatory commercials. Then he was discovered by rock producer Al Kooper, who bought him a guitar and taught him the secret C-F-G7 chord progression so vital to today's far-out music. Although this "animal" is, if possible, even more untalented than Jim Morrison, the Wolfman claims to receive a greater amount of fangmail. Recently interviewed by reporters from *Rolling Stone,* Wolfie admits that success has put him through a lot of changes. "Especially," he winks, "when there's a full moon."



The undisputed greatest of the great apes, **King Kong** suffered a tragic heartbreak when his new bride, a Beverly Hills billionairess named, oddly enough, Beverly Hills, was found mysteriously murdered only days after the honeymoon. Although the culprit was never found, police are still baffled by the mashed and mutilated corpse.

"It's almost as if," says one detective, "someone had actually dropped her off the Empire State Building!" The grief-stricken hubby now lives in mournful seclusion on her 15,000-acre estate in Rio de Janeiro.

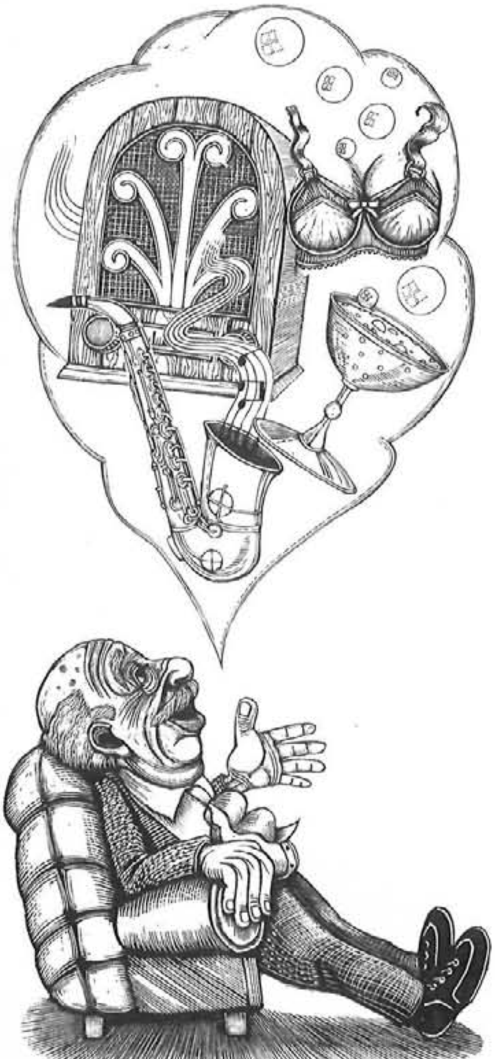


Great Expectations or The War of the Worlds

(With thanks to Harold Pinter, or was it Charles Dickens?)

A ONE ACT MELODRAMA TO BE PLAYED BY MARIONETTES

By Jean Shepherd



CAST OF CHARACTERS

GROOVY
BUTCH
JOE COCKER

The time is someplace in the fairly near future, damn nearer than you think. At curtain rise, we see what is by today's standards a totally hip pad. It is crowded with cultural symbols of our time: a large inflatable vinyl Campbell's Soup can, numerous Peace symbols, doves, clenched fists, a black-and-white poster depicting rhinos fornicating, Lyndon Johnson playing Clyde while Lady Bird – also holding a machine gun – plays Bonnie, a "Make Love Not War" fresco done with Pepsi Cola bottle tops on a background of a tattered American flag drenched with fake Mercurochrome blood. The floor is littered with at least 7,000 copies of *Screw, Rat, The East Village Other, The Realist,* et al. A somewhat dusty paper Tiffany lamp advertising Heinz 57 Varieties of Pot dimly illumines the scene.

Naturally, we are deafened by an enormous wave of Acid Rock. Joe Cocker is screaming incoherently, *With a Little Help From My Friends.*

At curtain rise, the stage is empty. We dimly perceive this between red, white and blue flashes of a revolving psychedelic strobe generator, which seems on the verge of blowing a fuse since it hums a lot and occasionally throws sparks onto the burlap-covered floor. We, the audience, observe this scene for 30 seconds or so and then, entering from stage right to the sound of an offstage john flushing, is Groovy, as he is known along with various other pseudonyms. His actual name is Herbert L. Mergenweist, a one-time student in the far distant past at the Bronx High School of Science and several other doubtful institutions of learning. His hair hangs nearly to his waist and seems to be a cross between the old Joan Baez cascade and a ratty Afro. It is streaked with gray. He has a noticeable bald spot. He wears an ancient, tie-dyed T-shirt bearing in faded letters the legend, WBAI UBER ALLES; worn, hacked-off jeans and an elderly pair of Victor Mature-type Roman sandals, festooned with bits of corroding chain and brass studs. He is sniffling and seems to be having a slight nasal problem, as his nose runs noticeably. He discerns that the stereo is hung up on a groove. Cocker keeps yelling, *"wit de help wit de help wit de help wit de help wit de help . . ."*

A look of pained irritation crosses Groovy's face as though this has happened to him a million times before.

COCKER: *(continuing)* wit de help wit de help wit de help wit de . . .

(Groovy speaks, or rather mutters.)

GROOVY: Fuck!

COCKER: *(continues)* . . . wit de help wit de help wit de help. . .

(He seems to be getting louder and more hysterical, if possible. Groovy rushes across stage, coughing brokenly, and kicks his battered old stereo amplifier, which is on the floor next to a crate of paperbacks. The stereo squawks and Cocker begins to shout.)

COCKER: . . . friends friends friends friends . . .

(Meanwhile, Groovy has crumpled to the floor, removed one sandal and is rubbing his foot and weeping silent tears. He replaces sandal painfully and crawls on all fours across the stage, looking for something. Without warning, the stereo begins working again and Cocker goes into the bridge, blaring loudly. Groovy, scuffling among worn, faded copies of Screw, Rat, *et al., finally finds what he's been looking for — a book of matches. He sits slumped against his wall at stage right, under a large poster of Peter Fonda astride a motorcycle. He searches in his jeans and produces a minute roach, which he proceeds to light, eyes shut, inhaling deeply. He sits for a second holding the smoke in and then suddenly bursts out in a loud, uncontrollable paroxysm of wheezy coughing.*

There is a knock at the door.

GROOVY: *(listlessly)* Yeah?

(Enter Butch, as he is known to a dwindling few intimates. He is, in actuality, Dwight L. Dingleman. He is somewhat older than Groovy. He wears a worn-thin pair of narrow-bottomed chinos; an ancient, blue, basket-weave button-down shirt; a thin, black knit tie with a large Windsor knot, decrepit bucks, shoes that have seen many seasons. His hair, what there is of it, is resolutely crew cut, and he is far beyond mere graying. He wears a madras sport coat, single-button, which is so old you can almost see his shirt through it. He carries a bundle.

He speaks casually, comfortably, as though they have done this many times.)

GROOVY: Come on in, Butch.

BUTCH: How's it going, pal?

(Groovy ignores this, allowing his shoulders to droop in disdain. His whole being exudes put-down.)

BUTCH: Gee, it's good to see you . . . uh . . . Groovy. *(He says the name "Groovy" awkwardly.)*

GROOVY: You're late. I thought I was gonna freak! It was mind-fuckin' me.

BUTCH: I'm sorry. I know how you feel. I got held up down at Medicare. I was getting jumpy, too. It's been three days.

GROOVY: *(slumping into inflatable vinyl chair, which has been patched many times with rubber cement and vulcanizing patches)* Three days! Shit, man! It seems like a month. Let's get down to it, before I really blow my mind. *(He coughs brokenly and rubs his injured foot. Butch carefully seats himself on the Campbell's Soup can, placing his package beside him.)*

BUTCH: Where do you want to begin today?

GROOVY: *(thoughtfully)* Well, we did the Drug Scene number last week. Uh. . . . *(he trails off in thought)*

BUTCH: And the week before that we did the Acid Rock bit. How 'bout Lack of Communication? We haven't done that in a long time.

GROOVY: *(brightening)* Heavy, man! It's been a couple of months. My head's getting together already. Okay, you start.

(Groovy stands up and begins to pace nervously, as though he wishes Butch would leave, radiating truculent impatience. Butch watches him for a long moment.)

BUTCH: *(finally speaking, with great deliberation)* Why don't you get a haircut? For the life of me, I can't understand why you let your hair grow like that. You look like a girl! Why, when I was a boy . . .

(Groovy whirls on him in fury.)

GROOVY: Look, now you see, it's just things like that . . . ! *(He lapses into silence after shouting. Butch watches him, a look of beseeching groping on his face, as though trying to understand, yet pained by what he sees.)*

GROOVY: All the kids wear their hair like this! It's different from when you were a kid! Everything is different, don't you understand that? The Bomb!

BUTCH: *(quietly)* And those ridiculous clothes. If your mother were ali —

GROOVY: *(rising to crescendo)* That *bitch!* She never loved me! All she ever wanted to do was watch television all day long, and . . .

BUTCH: Don't talk like that about your mother!

GROOVY: Hah! Just because she got knocked up and . . . *(He slumps suddenly into his chair, his voice drops back to normal.)* Damnit, Butch, I can't get started today. It's not coming.

BUTCH: I was starting to work. I could feel that old anger coming back. You wanna start over?

GROOVY: *(scratching his stomach disconsolately)* Yeah, might as well. I sure as hell need it. No shit, Butch, I don't know what the hell's happening to the world. My God! They don't even listen to rock! They just sit around all day and listen to that . . . noise! They don't have *any* standards. No values. These kids of today don't even *think* about hair, much less care about it. Jesus Christ! When I was a kid, you were nothin' unless you had at least seven pounds of matted electric hair. They don't even care any more. I can't get nobody even mad, which shows they really don't care. Wow, when I was a kid . . . *(He trails off moodily, running his fingers through his scraggly, graying mane.)*

BUTCH: Why, you *are* a kid. Why, you've hardly turned 50. *(A look of anger crosses Groovy's face.)*

GROOVY: *(menacing.)* Look, how many times have I told you . . .

BUTCH: *(hastily)* I'm sorry. I forgot. Your generation doesn't recognize years.

GROOVY: There's only Now, Goddamnit, only Now! Y'hear that? *(He screams wildly)* I'm ONE OF THE NOW PEOPLE. THERE'S ONLY *NOW*!

BUTCH: *(nervously loosening his tie)* Now, Groovy, son, don't get excited. I was only trying to help. Maybe we shouldn't do anything today. Maybe . . .

GROOVY: *(crossing over to Butch and patting him on the shoulder)* I'm sorry. I guess we better start easy instead of going right into the Hair thing. That's one thing I just don't understand today. They just don't care about hair.

BUTCH: *I* still do. You make me mad every time I see you. I want to grab you, give you a shampoo and cut it all off. Make you look like a human being.

GROOVY: *(patting his arm)* That's okay, Butch. It was a nice try. I guess I just don't feel it today.

BUTCH: Well, how 'bout you starting? Maybe if we work the other way today, like the time you got at me for liking Scotch. Boy, that was a great day. I felt good for weeks afterward. How 'bout you starting?

GROOVY: *(shuffling across stage pensively, stroking his beard)* Okay. Lemme think. Uh . . . how's this? . . . uh . . . YOUR WORLD IS DEAD, YOU HEAR ME? DEAD! VIOLENCE AND JOHN WAYNE AND MONEY IS ALL YOUR OLD DEAD WORLD BELIEVED IN! *MAKE LOVE, NOT WAR! MAKE LOVE, NOT WAR!* *(The last two lines are screamed in a demonstrator-type chant. Groovy rushes over to the corner of his room, digs among the rubble for a few seconds and comes up with a sign. It is old and has seen much use. The handle is taped and has been patched up. It is, in fact, ancient. It reads: FASCIST PIG! FREE THE BLACK PANTHERS!*

Butch rises slowly in anger from his chair, his face reddening.)

BUTCH: Why, you long-haired fag! You pansy! What you need is a good bath. They oughta draft every one of you crummy rotten Hippie bastards. A good first sergeant would straighten you guys . . .

(Groovy has now hoisted his sign high and is marching about the room, shouting.)

GROOVY: FASCIST PIG, FASCIST PIG, OINK OINK, FASCIST PIG, FASCIST PIG, OINK OINK, FASCIST PIG, FASCIST PIG, OINK OINK!

BUTCH: I'LL SHOW YOU WHO'S A FASCIST PIG, YOU FAG BASTARD!

GROOVY: FASCIST PIG, FASCIST PIG, OINK OINK *(He makes Peace sign with free hand.)*

BUTCH: Beautiful, beautiful! I haven't seen that in years. You're really getting it now, Groovy, you're swinging.

GROOVY: OINK OINK!

BUTCH: TURN THAT GODDAMN NOISE DOWN! You call that crap music? Just a lot of banging around. You can't even understand none of them words.

JOE COCKER: *(screaming)* I'll get HIGH . . . GRAAAAK . . . I'll get HIGH . . . GRAAAAK . . . I'll get HIGH

GROOVY: Oh, Christ, what a time for that Goddamn thing to get hung up. Son of a bitch! *(He throws his sign at the stereo.)*

COCKER: *GRAAAAAK . . . (Stereo now silent. Butch, his face still red with anger, returns to seat, sits down heavily.)*

BUTCH: Whew! That was as good a session as we've had in months. That was damn near the real thing.

GROOVY: Right on! Just like the old days. I'll never forget one day outside the UN, back in the good old days. Jerry Rubin was there. Oh, man, what a scene!

BUTCH: *(his face lighting up)* Jesus, Jerry Rubin! I ain't heard of him for years. Boy, he used to really piss me off.

GROOVY: Yeah, those were the good

(continued)



Illustrations by James Grashow

(continued)

old days.

BUTCH: Yeah.

(They both sit silently for a moment, contemplating the glorious, wonderful past, each lost in his own world.)

GROOVY: *(somewhat nostalgically)* Hey, Butch, you'll never guess what I found today.

(Butch, still drifting quietly in a dream of old wars, merely grunts. He scratches his gray crew cut. Groovy stands somewhat arthritically and peers at his psychedelic light for a long moment.)

GROOVY: You wouldn't believe it. I found a place down in the Village where this little old tailor makes real bell-bottoms. Jeez, they're outtasight. The kids of today ain't got no style. He says that Paul Krassner comes around once in a while. He's getting on, but he's still trippin' out.

BUTCH: You're right about the kids of today, you know. It's hard to believe it . . . none of these so-called kids hardly ever even *heard* of the Generation Gap. They don't know what they've missed!

GROOVY: *(riffling among the ancient copies of* Screw, Rat, The Realist *on the floor, speaks thoughtfully)* That ain't nothing, Butch. Hardly any of 'em even heard of Woodstock! And them that has think it's funny. They make fun of it, like those ridiculous marathon dances and stuff.

BUTCH: Now hold it, Groovy. Don't start knocking marathon dances. Remember, I don't knock Woodstock.

GROOVY: *(his long, graying mane drooping disconsolately over his shoulders as he slumps at his table, head in hands)* You know what happened to me the other day? I'm walking down the street, and . . . well . . . *(He trails off, his body racked with sobs.)*

BUTCH: Come on, Groovy. We all go through it. I went through it when *your* crowd put down Pearl Harbor Day and Okinawa and . . . go ahead, tell me what happened. I went through it, remember?

GROOVY: Well, this so-called kid was walking behind me, and he said to another kid, "Hey, there's one of those old Soul diggers!" And then, Butch, they both laughed, and . . . *(He trails off and appears to be fumbling for a match in his jeans. He finds it and tries to light what's left of his roach. He coughs violently.)* I can't . . . smoke as much grass as I used to. Gets me in the throat. *(coughs)* HACK HACK.

BUTCH: Yeah, I know. I can only have one finger of Scotch a day, and I'm really not supposed to have that.

GROOVY: And then, Butch, you know what he said?

BUTCH: No! Don't tell me.

GROOVY: Yeah. He said, "He's one of those old Love Generation freaks. Boy, the one thing I'm never gonna do is get old. Man, I can't stand old people." *(Groovy ends this sentence with a sob, lowers his head to the table. Butch pats him on the shoulder.)*

BUTCH: Don't worry, Groovy. You get used to it.

GROOVY: *(sobbing)* But I'm a Youth! My generation invented Youth! We *are* Youth! Who the hell are these phonies? My generation invented Youth. They don't *listen* any more.

BUTCH: Yeah, I know. My generation invented Guilt. And who cares any more? Jesus, those were the days. God, I can remember when every editorial, every record, every play, every book, every cartoon did nothing but tell you how rotten guilty you were. God, it was great! You don't know how good it feels to have everybody tell you that you, personally, ruined the world. Man, that's power! *(Butch is excited at this point, obviously exulting in and savoring his guilty past.)* God, I remember one day when five SDS activists tied me up in my swivel chair and took turns hitting me with rubber hoses, all the while hollering, "Kill for Peace." One kid knocked the cap off this back tooth. *(He points to tooth.)* And another grabbed my ear with a pliers and . . . God, it was great!

GROOVY: Stop! I can't stand it! Those were the days. These idiots today never heard of Warhol, or . . . *(He trails off.)*

BUTCH: Yeah, but you never heard of Peggy Lee, or even Dizzy Gillespie.

GROOVY: Now look, Butch, don't get sore. Remember, we're in it together. We can't start fighting now. We're about the only survivors left of the old Generation Gap war. We can't start hassling.

BUTCH: Yeah. We need each other. You can't have no Communication Gap without me. And how the hell can I have any guilt without you?

GROOVY: Yep. You old bastard. You never could understand Soul.

BUTCH: Horse shit. You never could understand swinging.

(There is a pregnant pause at this point, and then Groovy, staring straight out at the audience, speaks in a low voice.)

GROOVY: Yeah, but *they* don't understand either one. We only got each other, Butch.

BUTCH: What the hell *do* they understand? *(He suddenly brightens as if he has remembered something.)* Hey, Groovy, wait 'til you see what I got. It cost me an arm and a leg and then some, but . . .

GROOVY: *(laughing sardonically)* Holy Christ, "an arm and a leg and then some." I haven't heard that expression since my Old Man left the scene. Arm and a leg. Wow, man, you talk like an old Pat Boone movie.

BUTCH: *(ignoring him)* I came across it in Brooklyn, in this shop a little old lady runs. I couldn't believe it! *(He carefully unwraps his package on the table, obviously afraid of breaking what is inside.)* Look, there it is. How do you like that? A genuine, mint-condition Little Orphan Annie Ovaltine shake-up mug!

GROOVY: Yeah, I guess it's all right if that's where your head is at. Wait'll I show you what *I* just got. This'll really turn your head around. A real head trip! *(He rushes over to orange crate and scrambles amid the paperbacks and with a great flourish whips out an object.)*

GROOVY: *(announcing triumphantly)* A genuine, working, absolutely authentic Spiro Agnew watch!

BUTCH: My God, I'd almost forgotten. The Silent Majority! Let's use that in our next session. We haven't even touched on the Silent Majority. I forgot all about it!

GROOVY: *(getting excited)* Yeah, I'll dig out my old IMPEACH NIXON buttons, and I got one that shows Agnew with a pig face, and . . .

BUTCH: This is gonna be great! I'll bring my hard hat.

GROOVY: You got a real hard hat?

BUTCH: Yep. It's yellow. It's got an American flag on it.

GROOVY: *(excitedly)* Oh, wow. ZAP! And I'll dig out my Viet Cong flag, and we'll . . .

BUTCH: *(his voice tense with anticipation)* I got a bumper sticker that says, AMERICA: LOVE IT OR LEAVE IT. And I'll . . .

GROOVY: Don't tell me! Surprise me. I can hardly wait. It'll be like the good old days again. When people really hated with style and life had *meaning!*

BUTCH: And you can hit me with a rotten egg, and I'll . . .

GROOVY: Don't spoil it! Let's wait 'til the next session. Outtasight, man, it's starting to happen already!

BUTCH: You're right, Groovy. Say, does that Agnew watch say 10 minutes after 10? Already? My doctor says I have to get to bed by 10 o'clock every night, and . . .

GROOVY: Yeah, I can't stay up as late as I used to either, what with my sinus headaches and. . . .

(Butch rises, carrying his shake-up mug, dodders to the door and pauses before the threshold.)

BUTCH: Groovy, can I play my Harry James records at the next session?

GROOVY: Great, man! That'll really bug me.

(Butch opens door and departs. We hear him from offstage.)

BUTCH: See you next week, same time, and if you really get jumpy, give me a call and we'll fight over the phone.

GROOVY: Let it all hang out, babe. I feel together again.

(Butch leaves. Rock booms out. Groovy squats on floor, a lonely, aging figure, fumbling for a match. He lights his roach and coughs a wheezy, rasping phlegmy hack as

THE CURTAIN FALLS)

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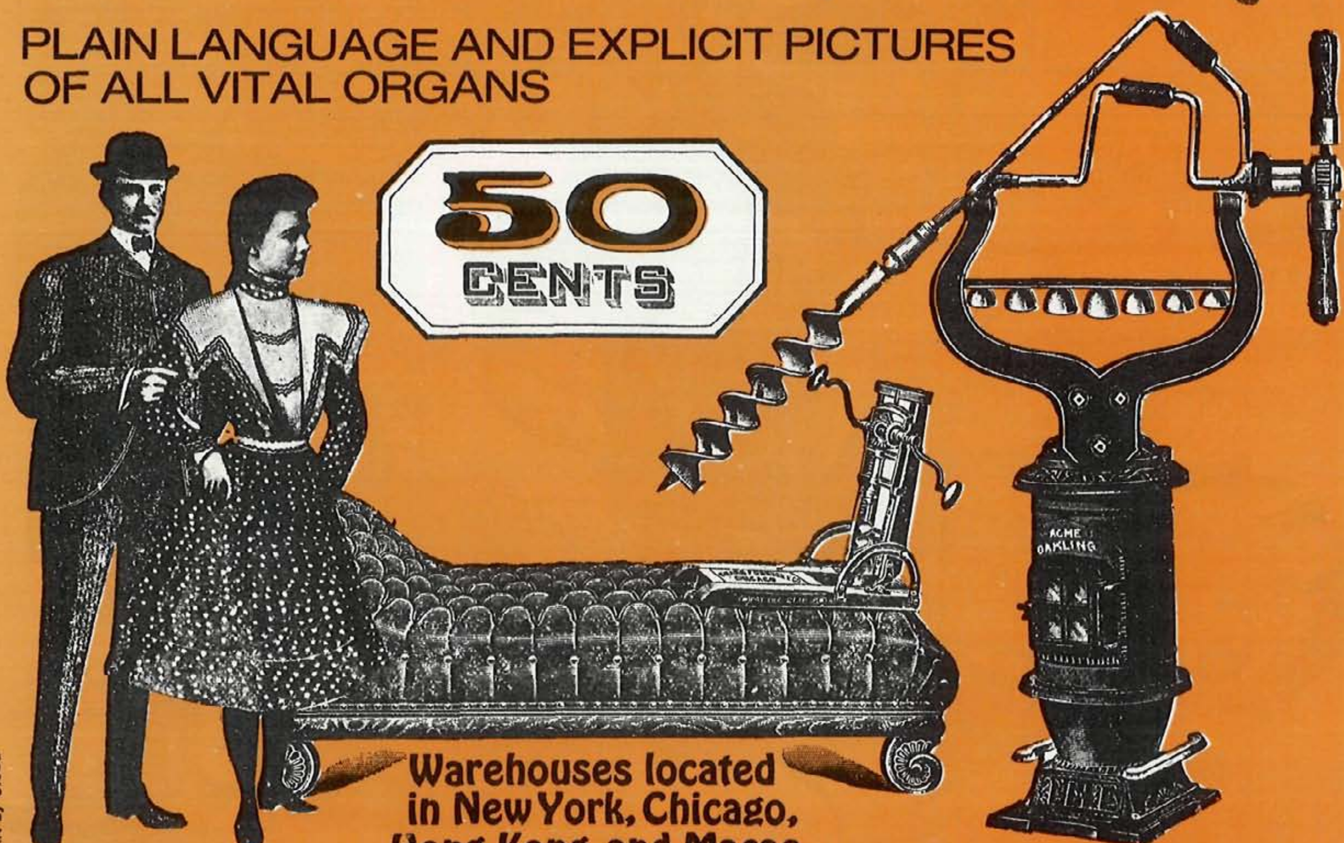
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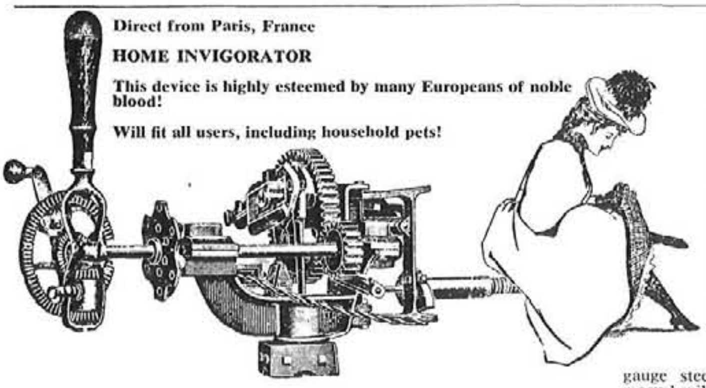
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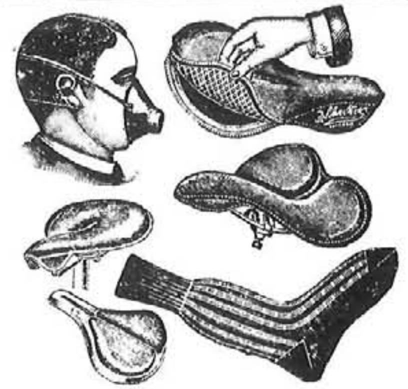
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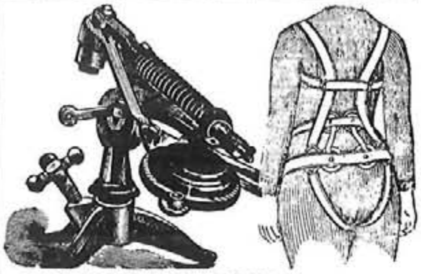
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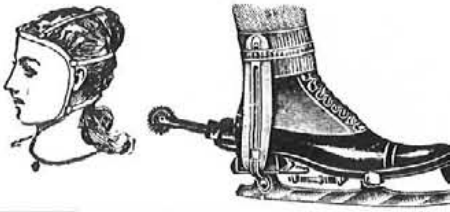
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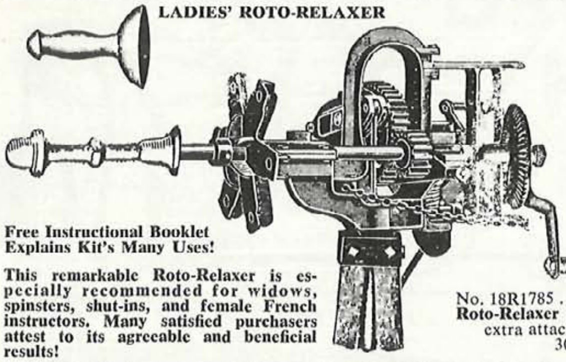
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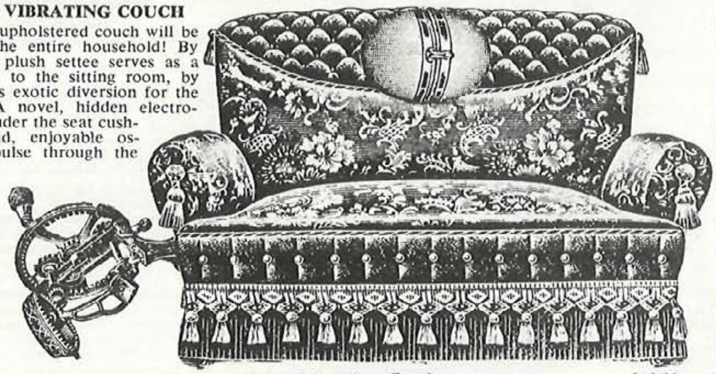
This remarkable Roto-Relaxer is especially recommended for widows, spinsters, shut-ins, and female French instructors. Many satisfied purchasers attest to its agreeable and beneficial results!

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No. 18R1785 . . .
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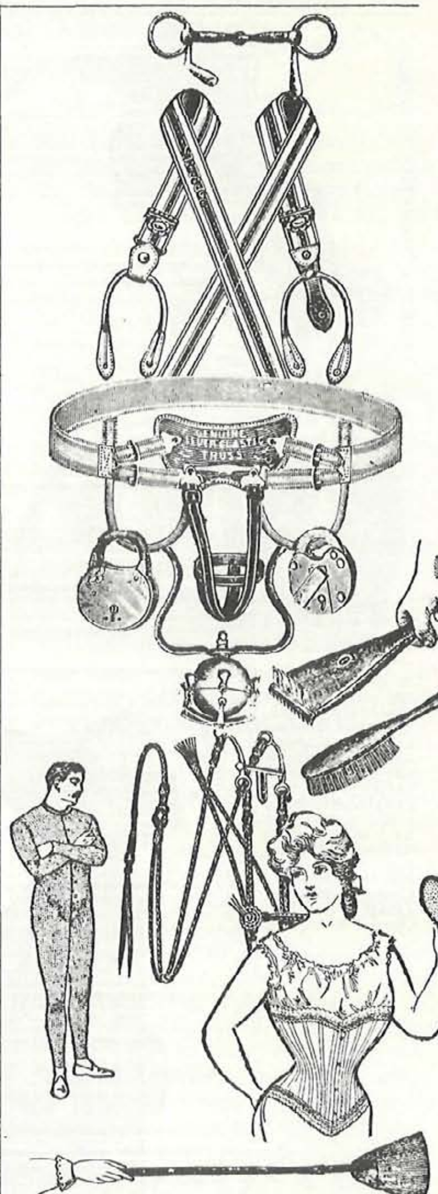
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WARNING! Because of the penetrating nature of spectro-wave illumination the child to be disciplined must not be left in the CHILD TRAINER for periods longer than 10 minutes. S & R Co. is not responsible for injuries that may otherwise result.
No. 18R1788 . . .
Child Trainer . . $55.60



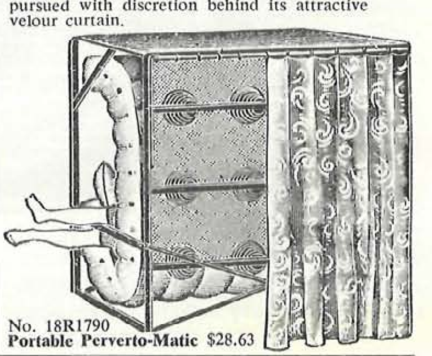
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Traveling gentlemen will highly value the compact **Portable Perverto-Matic.** This dandy invention can be readily concealed in the smallest hotel room, and "actiivties" may be pursued with discretion behind its attractive velour curtain.



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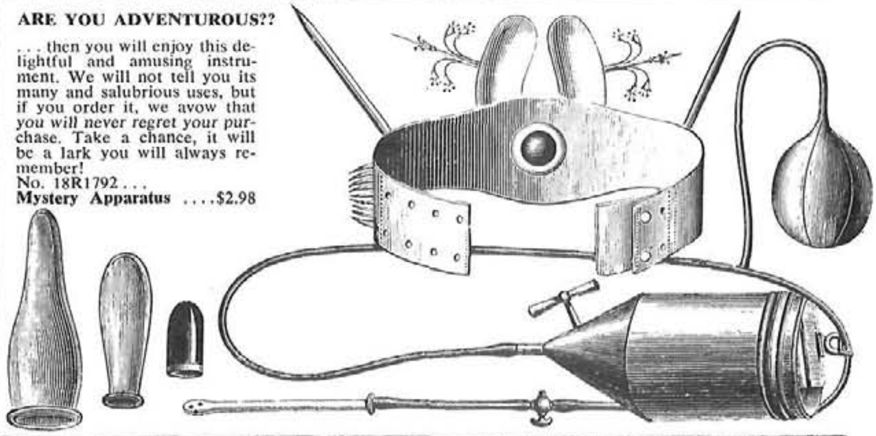
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A godsend to afflicted women in their later years! Each box contains 12 capsules, smoothly lubricated and ready for insertion. Accompanying brochure explains the many surprising virtues of this Spanish import.
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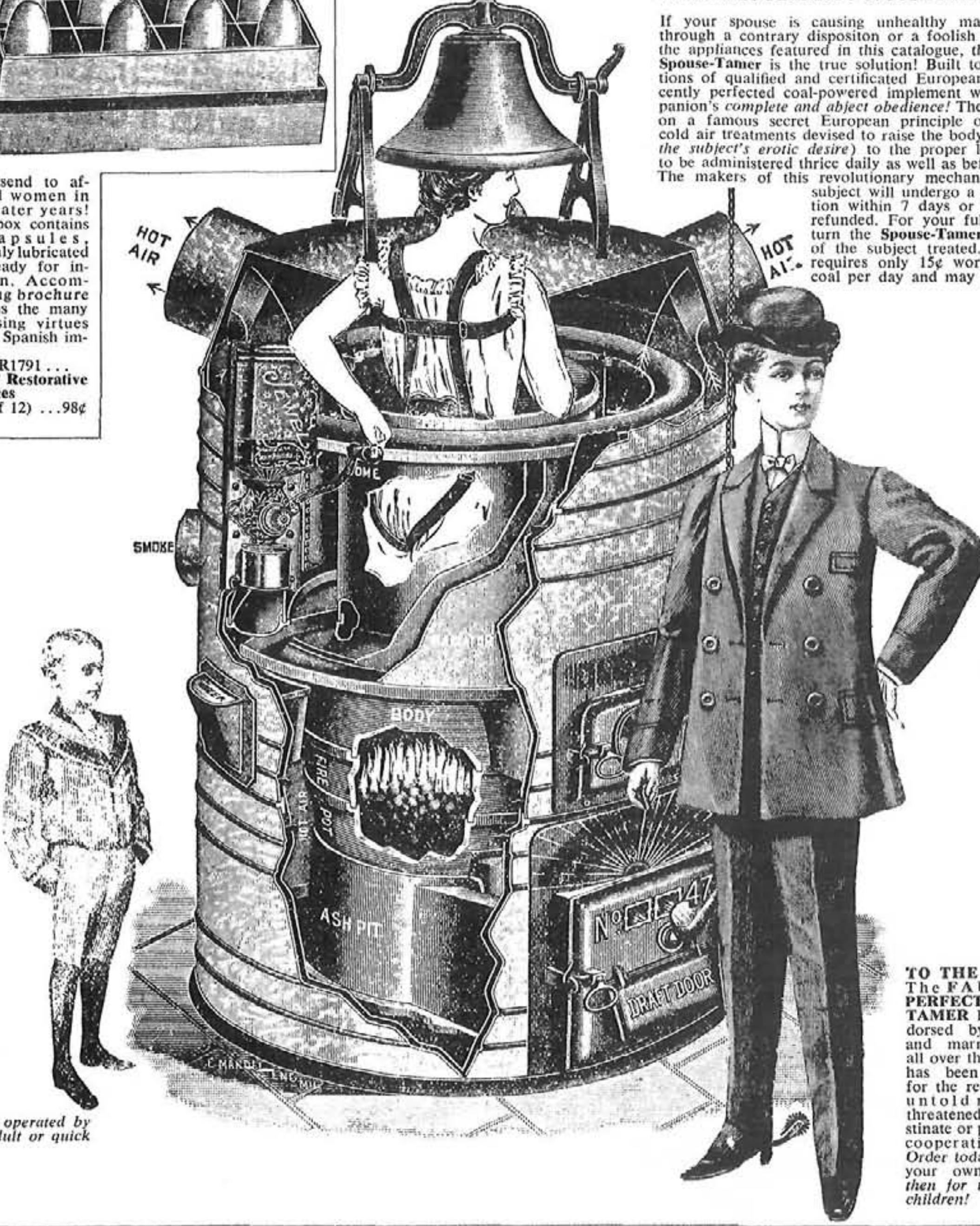
ARE YOU ADVENTUROUS??

. . . then you will enjoy this delightful and amusing instrument. We will not tell you its many and salubrious uses, but if you order it, we avow that *you will never regret your purchase*. Take a chance, it will be a lark you will always remember!
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FAULTLESS PERFECTO SPOUSE-TAMER

If your spouse is causing unhealthy marital discord, either through a contrary dispositon or a foolish disinclination to use the appliances featured in this catalogue, the **Faultless Perfecto Spouse-Tamer** is the true solution! Built to the exact specifications of qualified and certificated European physicians, this recently perfected coal-powered implement will insure your companion's *complete and abject obedience!* The apparatus functions on a famous secret European principle of alternate hot and cold air treatments devised to raise the body temperature (*hence the subject's erotic desire*) to the proper level. Treatments are to be administered thrice daily as well as before actual Congress. The makers of this revolutionary mechanism pledge that the subject will undergo a startling transformation within 7 days or your money will be refunded. For your full refund, simply return the **Spouse-Tamer** and the remainder of the subject treated. The Spouse-Tamer requires only 15¢ worth of #2 anthracite coal per day and may be cleaned as easily as a *simple home* boiler. Cheap and easy to operate, the Spouse-Tamer has brought marital fulfillment and connubial harmony to thousands of purchasers, and we assure the reader that there has never been a single subject who has ever complained to our company after having sampled the unusual powers of this magic mediator. If you value the peace and tranquility of a happy home, you will certainly wish to take advantage of this offer.
No. 18R1793 . . .
Faultless Perfecto Spouse-Tamer
$71.35

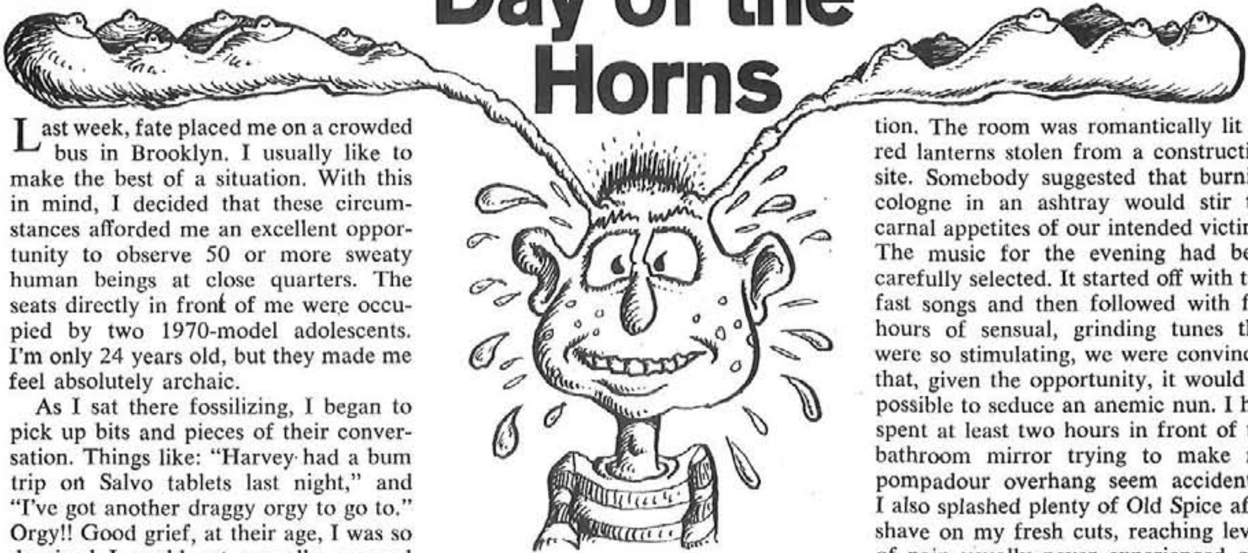


Easily operated by any adult or quick child!

TO THE READER: The **FAULTLESS PERFECTO SPOUSE-TAMER** has been endorsed by physicians and married couples all over the world, and has been responsible for the reclamation of untold marriages threatened by an obstinate or prudishly uncooperative partner. Order today, *if not for your own happiness, then for that of your children!*

Day of the Horns

by Christopher Rush



Last week, fate placed me on a crowded bus in Brooklyn. I usually like to make the best of a situation. With this in mind, I decided that these circumstances afforded me an excellent opportunity to observe 50 or more sweaty human beings at close quarters. The seats directly in front of me were occupied by two 1970-model adolescents. I'm only 24 years old, but they made me feel absolutely archaic.

As I sat there fossilizing, I began to pick up bits and pieces of their conversation. Things like: "Harvey had a bum trip on Salvo tablets last night," and "I've got another draggy orgy to go to." Orgy!! Good grief, at their age, I was so deprived I could get sexually aroused from eating Girl Scout cookies. How could things have changed so completely and so rapidly? My mind drifted into nostalgia. In examining this stormy era of my life, I could not help but realize that sexuality dominated almost all my thoughts and behavior.

The first thing I remembered was that I had been forewarned and instructed on puberty just prior to actually experiencing it. This was accomplished by my wise fifth grade teacher, who showed us Walt Disney sex education films. There were two separate documentaries. First, all the boys were made to leave the classroom, and the girls viewed their film. It was designed to enlighten them on the biological implications of becoming a woman, and to dispel the current rumor that the menstrual cycle was an Italian bike. All the boys eagerly awaited their chance to see the film prepared for them. All except Charlie Finster, that is. Charlie was the coolest kid in the class and a true man of the world. Even though he hadn't reached it yet, he knew all about puberty and carried a prophylactic in the secret compartment of his Captain Video ring just in case.

The lights dimmed, and the familiar figure of Tinker Bell appeared. She waved her wand and the screen was filled with a huge, hairless crotch. Suddenly, through the magic of time-lapse photography, hair began to sprout and grow. At first, I thought it was a dirty version of *The Wolf Man*, and I wondered how Disney got Lon Chaney Jr. to cooperate. In the next moment, the narrator enlightened me by carefully explaining everything. By the middle of the film, I was reasonably certain that something called "sexual intercourse" was directly related to pollination, but the details escaped me.

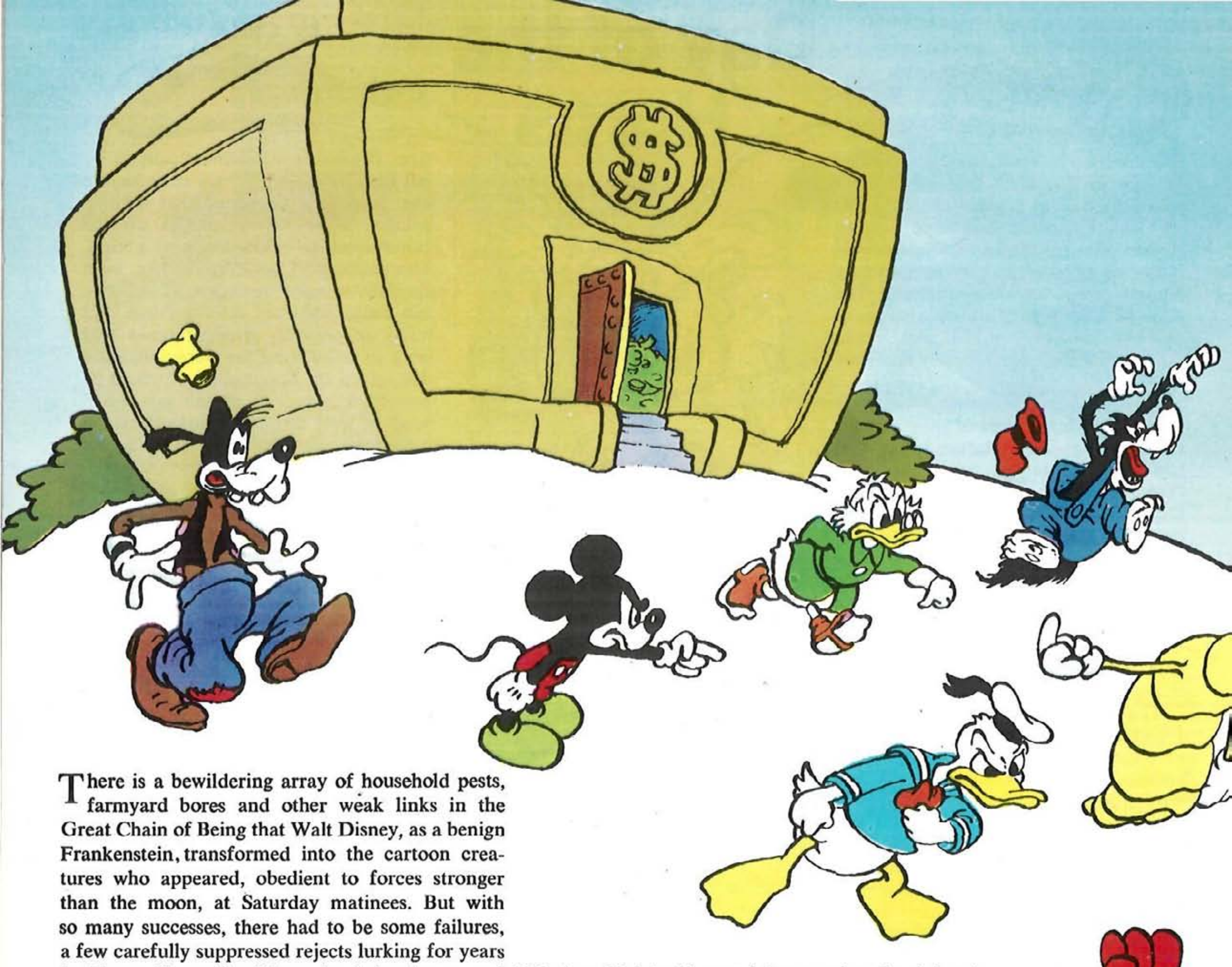
In accordance with Disney's documentary, we all did change. All the little girls became little ladies, and all the little boys, myself included, became crazed sex fiends. It is truly ironic that at this point, when I wanted desperately to seem attractive to the opposite sex, I had to look so damn adolescent. My nose seemed to blossom and grow until it dominated my face. I appeared awkward because my coordination was a little off. In fact, I found it difficult to chew gum and walk at the same time. My first attempts at shaving left me looking like I had fallen into an electric fan, and eating spicy foods, like celery, would bring on a fine crop of pimples.

To go along with the physical blight I was suffering, I began to experience extreme sexual frustration. There seemed to be no escape and I started to wonder if there was such a thing as "terminal horniness." Fortunately, I made the acquaintance of a dedicated soul named "Wandering Willie the Wacker." Willie's mission in life was to travel from neighborhood to neighborhood informing ignorant adolescents like myself on the mechanics of self-gratification. I found Willie's instructions very useful indeed. However, my father had his own thoughts on the subject. He explained to me in detail how this odious habit caused one's spine to collapse in telescope fashion. He also suggested that sudden blindness was common among those who indulged. To be on the safe side, I purchased a Braille edition of *Fanny Hill*. At religious instruction class, I received another view of the topic. They told us that every time one practiced self-abuse, he murdered six million sperm cells, or, as they call them, potential fellow Christians. I now considered myself the Adolph Eichmann of my block.

In our first attempt to get ourselves into the immediate proximity of females, my friends and I arranged a party in someone's furnished basement. Actually, this was our plan for mass seduction. The room was romantically lit by red lanterns stolen from a construction site. Somebody suggested that burning cologne in an ashtray would stir the carnal appetites of our intended victims. The music for the evening had been carefully selected. It started off with two fast songs and then followed with five hours of sensual, grinding tunes that were so stimulating, we were convinced that, given the opportunity, it would be possible to seduce an anemic nun. I had spent at least two hours in front of the bathroom mirror trying to make my pompadour overhang seem accidental. I also splashed plenty of Old Spice after shave on my fresh cuts, reaching levels of pain usually never experienced outside of an Apache torture session. I was dressed in the manner typical of the times and my peer group: I sported skin-tight black chinos, which are pants designed by and for eunuchs. My feet were wedged into imported Italian needle-point shoes that had a little black hand on the inside in place of Buster and Tig. My Robert Hall sports jacket and Troy Donahue dickey completed the outfit. As we waited for the girls, I tried to remember all I had learned about feminine psychology from my favorite author, Mickey Spillane.

The girls arrived in all their virginal splendor, and we each picked our targets. Mine was Velma Doolittle, an erotic apparition at 15. She was at the age when she had just made the transition from Crayola to mascara, and her eye make-up showed it. It gave her the unique appearance of a cherub-turned-hooker. She had pre-soaked her clothes in Ambush perfume and, for special effects, had crammed two pounds of toilet tissue into her training bra. Naturally, all this had a devastating effect on me. As soon as I began dancing with her, I developed an obscene bulge, and Velma had a traumatic experience. She stormed out in a huff, mumbling something about her body being a temple of the Holy Ghost. Two months of planning and dreaming, and all I had to show for it was a brand new frustration pimple, which I appropriately named Velma. The rest of my buddies struck out in rapid succession, so we decided to explore the wonderful world of alcohol. It was at this time that I learned that dry retching was no substitute for ecstacy.

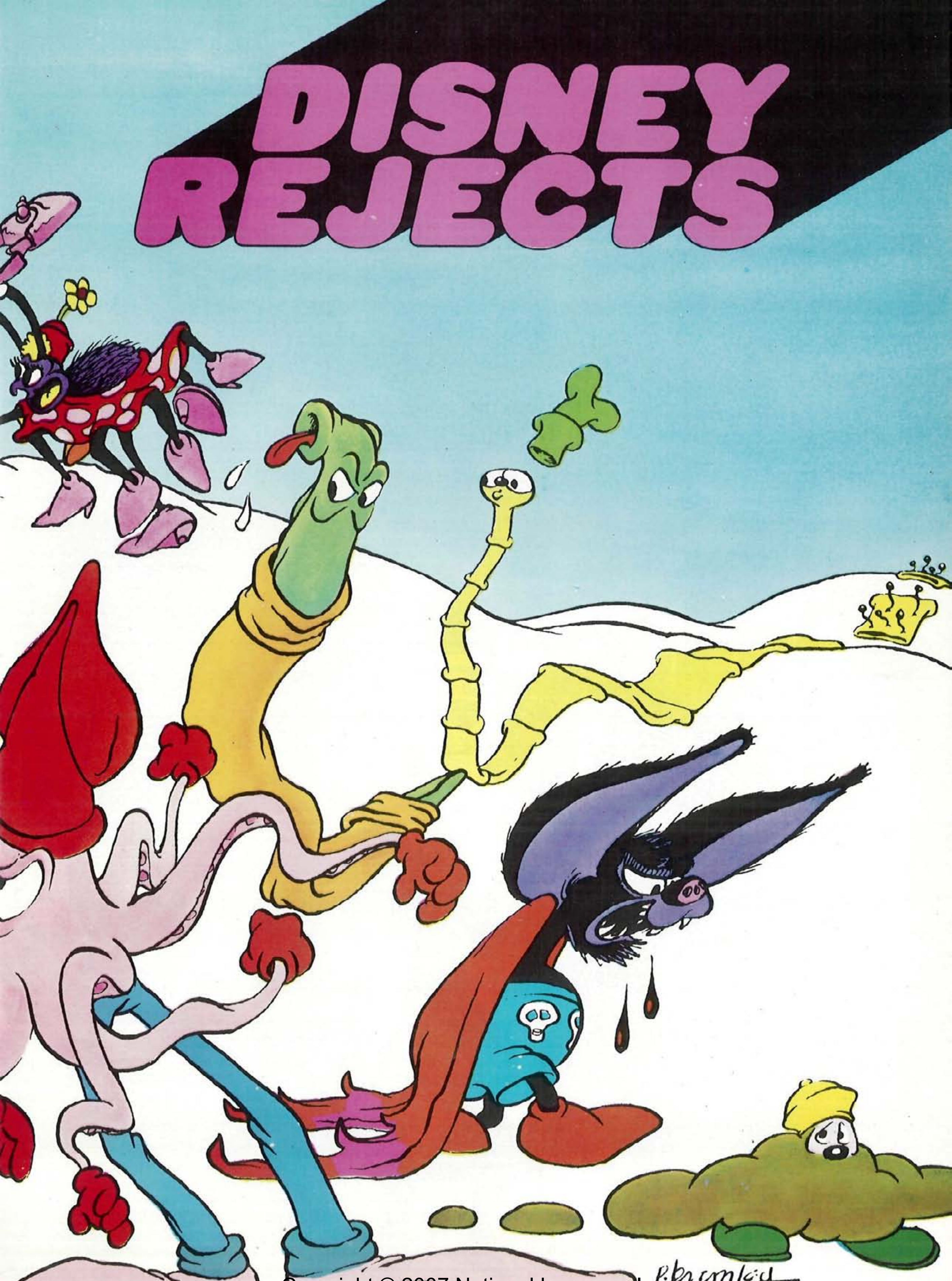
Of course, the people and circumstances change, but if man is the noblest of creatures, superior to all animals, including the towering Elk, the mighty Rhino and the fierce Bull – why is he the only one that has problems with his horns? □



There is a bewildering array of household pests, farmyard bores and other weak links in the Great Chain of Being that Walt Disney, as a benign Frankenstein, transformed into the cartoon creatures who appeared, obedient to forces stronger than the moon, at Saturday matinees. But with so many successes, there had to be some failures, a few carefully suppressed rejects lurking for years in Disney files with ribbons in their pincers and gloves on their claws. Now, thanks to a unique process that makes it possible to reproduce pictures in locked cabinets from hundreds, even thousands, of miles away without cameras, telescopes or spying devices of any kind, we are able to present these long-secret Disney washouts.

Tallulah Tarantula (top center) was the first and last in a group of characters invented for *Buggy Bits*, a cartoon series patterned after Tweety and Sylvester that was to have featured Tallulah's hilariously unsuccessful attempts to catch and eat Freddy Fly and Manny Moth. The production was quietly canceled when several members of an oddly silent children's test audience were shortly afterward implicated in a series of bizarre ritual tadpole slayings. Sammy Squid and Lester Lamprey (below and to the right of Tallulah) were conceived somewhat overconfidently as part of an early bid to expand the Disney domain with *Finny Funnies*. They were given the deep six, and the whole project was scuttled when, in a space of two months, the newspapers were filled with 11 deaths from spoiled tuna, five shark bitings, a barracuda attack, a jellyfish plague, an infestation of lampreys in Lake Erie and the slow, pungent death of a 35-ton blue whale in San Francisco Harbor. Melvin Maggot (above and to the right of Donald Duck) was originally drawn as a companion for Jiminy Cricket, but the lovable slug got his walking papers when embarrassed Disney experts discovered that his counterparts outside show biz spent most of their time in the mortuary line or spoiling hams. Timmy Tapeworm (to the right of Lester Lamprey) was responsible for the scrapping of an elaborate Healthland production for Disney's TV series. One of the chief characters in a section entitled "When Things Go Wrong," he was introduced by a Tweety-Bird style vulture saying, "I tot I taw a tapeworm." At that point, in a preliminary screening, two network vice-presidents and a sponsor threw up. Victor Vampire (below Timmy) represented a short-lived attempt to cash in on the lucrative horror movie market with an animated film. When a test sampling of preschool children produced comments like "nice doggy" and "kitty kitty kitty," the effort was dropped. Chester McCowflop (bottom right) was the instrument of revenge of a frustrated Disney artist who inserted the curious character in 5,000 panels of *Fantasia*. The section had to be cut at a cost of $50,000, and for years the phrase, "What's up, Flop?" was said to be the surest way of expressing a desire to leave the Disney organization. □

Illustration by Peter Bramley


DISNEY
REJECTS


CLOTHIERS.

4th Street East

By Jerome Weidman

(In 1924, The New York Times *sponsored an oratorical contest for the city's junior high school students on the topic "The Constitution of the United States."* The Times *stipulated that all contestants appearing on the platform must wear "appropriate attire." The author, at the age of 11, did not own anything even approaching appropriate attire. His father, with a loan from a family friend, took his son to Stanton Street, the men's clothing center of New York's lower East Side to purchase the boy's first suit. . . .)*

"Thank you," my father said. "I will take him to buy the suit on Sunday."

It was the only day on which clothes were purchased by the inhabitants of East Fourth Street. Buying a suit or a dress was a family enterprise of major dimensions not unlike the decision of a family of Forty-Niners to sell the farm in Pennsylvania, invest the proceeds in a Conestoga wagon and head west toward Sutter's Mill. There were stores on Avenue B and Avenue A that were open for business at night. Most men, however, did not come home from work before 7. By the time they had put away the evening meal, known as "sopper," it was time to go to bed so that they could get up at 5:30 or earlier to get to the Allen Street sweatshops on time. And a man would no more think of going to buy a suit unaccompanied by his wife than a woman would even contemplate buying a dress without her husband at her side. On East Fourth Street in 1924, the male or female outer garment was the equivalent of the automobile in today's TV commercial. The family shopped together in order to eliminate at least one reason for screaming fights: Color, style, shape and price had all been agreed upon before the combatants arrived at home and examined the purchase.

With all five weekdays eliminated, only the weekend remained. Or one half of it, anyway. Saturday, being the Sabbath, was out. This left only Sunday, but it was enough to buy a suit on Stanton Street. It was the Savile Row of the Lower East Side.

Perhaps it would be more accurate to say it was the Standard Oil Company of the men's retail clothing business south of Fourteenth Street. It certainly was my first experience with what the architects of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act must have meant by the word "monopoly." Nobody on Stanton Street said you had to come there to buy a suit. You could go uptown. To Wanamaker's Department Store, for example, on Eighth Street. To Siegel, Cooper on Eighteenth. To Macy's on Thirty-Fourth Street, for God's sake. Who was stopping you?

Well, to begin with, it wasn't who. It was what. And what was stopping you, if you were my father, was the fact that to shop in Wanamaker's you had to know how to talk English, which my father did not. To shop in Siegel, Cooper you had to pay what it said on the price tag, which was an impossibility for people like my father, who was incapable of purchasing a slice of lox or a spool of thread without "hondling," the Yiddish word for the combination boxing match, vaudeville act and exercise in advanced billingsgate that was as much a part of the act of purchase as the Preamble is a part of the Constitution. And to shop in Macy's, which to the residents of East Fourth Street could have been located anywhere between Bering Strait and the Grand Caymans, you needed a visa. So it was Stanton Street all the way and, on the Sunday following my triumph at Washington Irving High School, that's where my father and I went. On foot, of course.

As I look back on my youth in 1924, it occurs to me that it was in the area of transportation that the civilization of East Fourth Street most closely resembled that of Rome in the Age of the Antonines.

There were no chariots, of course, but we did have the Avenue B trolley car, which was known as the *Puvullyeh* Line. The Yiddish word *"puvullyeh"* finds its nearest Romance language equivalent in the French *doucement*. In English I can think of no equivalent other than a slang expression, popular in my youth, that has vanished from our culture: Take it easy; you'll last longer. The Avenue B trolley certainly took it easy. The cars operated on storage batteries, which were never recharged until they ran out of juice. They rarely ran out of juice at convenient times or places.

As in Rome, therefore, so on East Fourth Street. Forward movement—whether by a legion setting out to pacify an unruly Thracian province or a father setting out to buy his son a suit on Stanton Street – was usually accomplished by hiking. And just as a Roman legion heading for truculent Thrace would not enter the rebellious country with trumpets blaring, so my father and I did not enter Stanton Street in a manner that might be described as attention grabbing. We eased in gently, nervously, out of Avenue B, and turned south. It was like trying to ease gently, nervously into Niagara Falls.

The long street was lined on both sides with men's clothing shops the way the Via Veneto is lined on both sides by prostitutes. I don't suppose the phrase "cheek by jowl" has ever worried too much about its origins. If it ever should, and a prize were offered for the correct answer, I think I would walk away with the award by suggesting Stanton Street in 1924. It wasn't merely that every inch of space on both sides of the street was filled by the windows of a Bernstein's Men's & Boys' Clothing, Inc.,or a Yanowitz's Apparel Shop, Inc. It was as though every inch of space on both sides of the street was in endless contest, a battlefield the possession of which kept changing hands from minute to minute. The troops of Bernstein, victorious just a moment ago, now retreating under the onslaught of the armies of Yanowitz, who, even as they were planting the flag of triumph in the disputed terrain, were already being buffeted and driven back by the revivified Bernsteins. This impression of a seesawing battle was caused by an institution then known as the "puller-in." Every store had one.

The relation of a "puller-in" to a

(continued)

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Yanowitz's Apparel Shop, Inc., on Stanton Street was not unlike that of a barker to a carnival. He stood on the sidewalk in front of the shop door and he pleaded, cajoled, sweet-talked, threatened and ultimately seized the passerby and dragged him into the store.

"What a good-looking *boychik* you got there! A regular shining doll! Mister, you haven't got a son, you've got *eppes* but a real *tzaddik!"*

Even under the most congenial conditions, the word *"tzaddik"* defies literal translation. And, of course, in the realm of commercial fantasy, where conditions are rarely congenial, semantic precision takes a beating. Nevertheless, I will try. As employed by the pullers-in who worked the sidewalks of Stanton Street in 1924 the word *"tzaddik"* meant:

"Words are inadequate to express my admiration and awe for the incredible boy, this glowing vision, who is clearly your son, because anybody can see you're just as handsome as he is, this golden medal you have brought to Stanton Street this beautiful Sunday morning in the hope of finding a suit that will even remotely approach the sort of garment that this marvelous young man should rightfully wear to his bar mitzvah ceremony, or perhaps merely to the synagogue for the High Holidays, or even maybe there's a wedding in the family and you want him to look the way a boy like that should look, and what a stroke of luck it is for all of us that here at Yanowitz's Apparel Shop we happen to have precisely the suit that will show the world how extraordinary this boy is, and if you don't like it, which is ridiculous, because how can any man as brilliant as you are fail to like a suit so beautiful as this, we have a dozen other suits just as good and just as beautiful, did I say a dozen, what am I talking about, I must have lost my mind, carried away by the gleaming brilliance of this extraordinary boy, we have a hundred other suits, every one of them just as beautiful, even more beautiful, step in please and take a look."

We didn't exactly step in, because we were being dragged, my father and I, but we managed to stay on our feet and sort of stagger in. I forget how many stores we staggered into, and I forget in which one we finally made our purchase because all the stores seemed alike, and the procedure we went through, or were put through, in each one was exactly the same as all the others:

Puller-in, having dragged us through door from street, addresses waiting salesman: "A suit for this handsome *tzaddik*."

Shove. I stagger across store and land in the arms of salesman. My father staggers and manages to regain his balance just before crashing into salesman.

Puller-in, moving back out to street: "Don't worry. You're in good hands. Monty Geschwind is the best salesman on Stanton Street. The best and the most honest. Take good care of them, Monty. You have in your hands, Monty, two absolutely and completely personal friends of mine."

He exits to street. Monty circles my father. Monty's lips are pursed. His eyes are crinkled in thought. His thumb and forefinger are tugging at a chin for which in all fairness the word "receding" must give way to "nonexistent." Monty speaks: "You're like maybe let's say a 39 short. No?"

My father: "It's not for me. It's we're here for a suit for my son."

Monty Geschwind roars with laughter.

"I see you're not a man to be fooled with a joke," he says. "Naturally it's for your son. A good-looking man you are, nobody can deny that, but in your family, you lucky man, nobody has to go around asking which one is the *tzaddik*."

Monty goes to rack. He brings down a suit made of material not unlike that used by the tailor who made the uniform worn by General Robert E. Lee at Appomattox.

"Take off the sweater, take off," Monty says.

"It's for at night," my father says. "Something like a little maybe darker, please."

"Here, hold," Monty says. He shoves the suit at my father and seizes the bottom of my sweater. He yanks it up my torso and over my head as though he is skinning a snake. Both my ears get caught in the neckband. I scream. Monty Geschwind roars with laughter.

"You got not only a *tzaddik,"* he says to my father. "You got a *vitzler."*

Vitzler means joker. Anyway, it used to in 1924 on Stanton Street.

"Something like maybe a little darker," my father says.

Monty Geschwind punches my pipestem arms into the gray jacket as though he were stuffing a couple of sausage casings and he fastens the buttons of the double-breasted wings. He wheels me to the triple mirror, shoves me in front of it and steps back. I see his face in the mirror. He wears the expression Da Vinci wore at the moment when he set down his palette and dropped his brush. There was nothing more to be done. He had got the Mona Lisa's smile right at last. I drop my glance and survey myself in the mirror. I look like Jackie Coogan facing Charlie Chaplin in *The Kid*.

"Perfect," says Monty Geschwind. "It was made for him."

"Something darker," my father says.

He says it several times. In several stores. In every one of which, my ears smarting from being peeled in and out of my sweater, I end up in something darker. Something that seems to have been cut, not with precision but with approximate accuracy, for a skinny,



"I've called you creative, bright people together because what this country needs is a new, smart, hard-hitting political satire magazine."

knock-kneed boy of 11. Then comes the moment.

"How much?" my father says.

"A suit like this, who can say?" says Monty Geschwind. There is, or was, a Monty Geschwind in every men's clothing store on Stanton Street. "How can a person set a price on something so perfect like this?" all the Monty Geschwinds of this world say at this moment to my father. "How much? Who knows how much?"

"If you don't," my father says, "who does?"

A meek man. Shy. Not given under ordinary circumstances to the tart riposte. But all my father's ordinary circumstances were lived in the shadow of my mother. Here on Stanton Street nobody was peering over his shoulder. Here he had his moments. If he had been able to earn the money with which to buy for me an extensive wardrobe, he might have had more such moments.

"So all right," says Monty. "You ask me how much, I'll tell you how much. Fourteen dollars."

My father takes my hand.

"Come," he says. "We'll go find a store that it's not run by bloodsuckers."

He leads me to the door. Fortunately, I have managed to skin back into my sweater. Monty races around and heads us off at the door. He spreads his arms wide from jamb to jamb, barring our way out to the street.

"Fourteen dollars for a piece of merchandise like that?" he screams. "And you call me a bloodsucker?"

"What else should I call you?" my father said.

"A fool," says Monty. "A man who gives away to charity. That's what you should call me for asking only 14 dollars for a piece of merchandise like this."

He darts to the rack, snatches up the suit and dashes back to the door. My father has had ample time to open it. But he has not. So he is in a position to have the suit waved under his nose.

"Look!" Monty shouts. "Feel!"

"Not for 14 dollars," my father said.

He reaches around Monty for the doorknob. Monty, using his hip, shoves my father's hand away.

"So how much is it worth to you?" he demands furiously. "A suit like this? Tell a person! How much?"

My father shrugs. He looks down at the suit as though he were examining a sample of sputum coughed up by a terminal patient in a tuberculosis ward.

"If I was a fool," he says finally, "but a really big fool, I could hear myself say maybe 10 dollars."

The effect of my father's words on Monty Geschwind are not unlike the effect of the iceberg on the Titanic. Monty's knees buckle. His body sinks back against the door. His free hand comes up to his forehead. His eyes turn to heaven with a look of accusation that would have made St. Peter turn shamefacedly from the gate.

"For this," Monty says bitterly, "I hired the best *schneiders*. For this I chose buttons like they were diamonds. For this I made a suit only a *tzaddik* should wear. So his father should stand there in front of me and say 10 dollars."

"I won't say it again," my father says.

He reaches behind Monty. This time he seizes the doorknob. He pulls open the door. He drags me through it. Monty stares with disbelief. My father and I take a step down to the sidewalk. The puller-in comes rushing across the sidewalk.

"Where are you going?" he cries.

"To buy a suit from a man he doesn't tear the skin off a customer's back," my father says.

The puller-in puts his hand on my father's chest and speaks across his shoulder.

"Monty," he says. "What have you done to this marvelous man? This father of this wonderful *tzaddik?*"

"What have I done?" Monty says, his voice throbbing. "I made him a present, that's what I did. I said here, take this suit, it's worth 20 dollars, here, take it for 14."

The puller-in staggers back.

"Monty!" His voice adds a dimension to the word consternation from which in all probability it has not yet recovered. "How can you do such a thing?" the puller-in says. "For a *tzaddik* like this you ask 14 dollars?" He seizes my father by the shoulders. His voice drops to a seductive whisper. "Take it for 13," he murmurs.

My father shrugs himself free from the grasp of the puller-in.

"Maybe 11," my father said.

"Eleven?"

It is Monty's scream. And as screams go, he has set a mark to shoot at.

"Shut up," the puller-in hisses. To my father he says, "Twelve, with both pairs of pants."

"Even a *tzaddik* can wear only one pair at a time," my father says.

Monty's head reappears across my father's shoulder. The veins stand out on his throat like blue hawsers.

"When he wears out the first pair," Monty says, choking out the syllables in a voice that seems to be coming up out of a bed of bubbling lava, "the jacket will still be as new as the second pair!"

"He'll be too big then to wear the second pair," my father says.

Monty falls back against the black iron railing. His face disintegrates. Piteously he says to the puller-in, "What are we going to do with this man?"

"Give it to him for 11 dollars," the puller-in says.

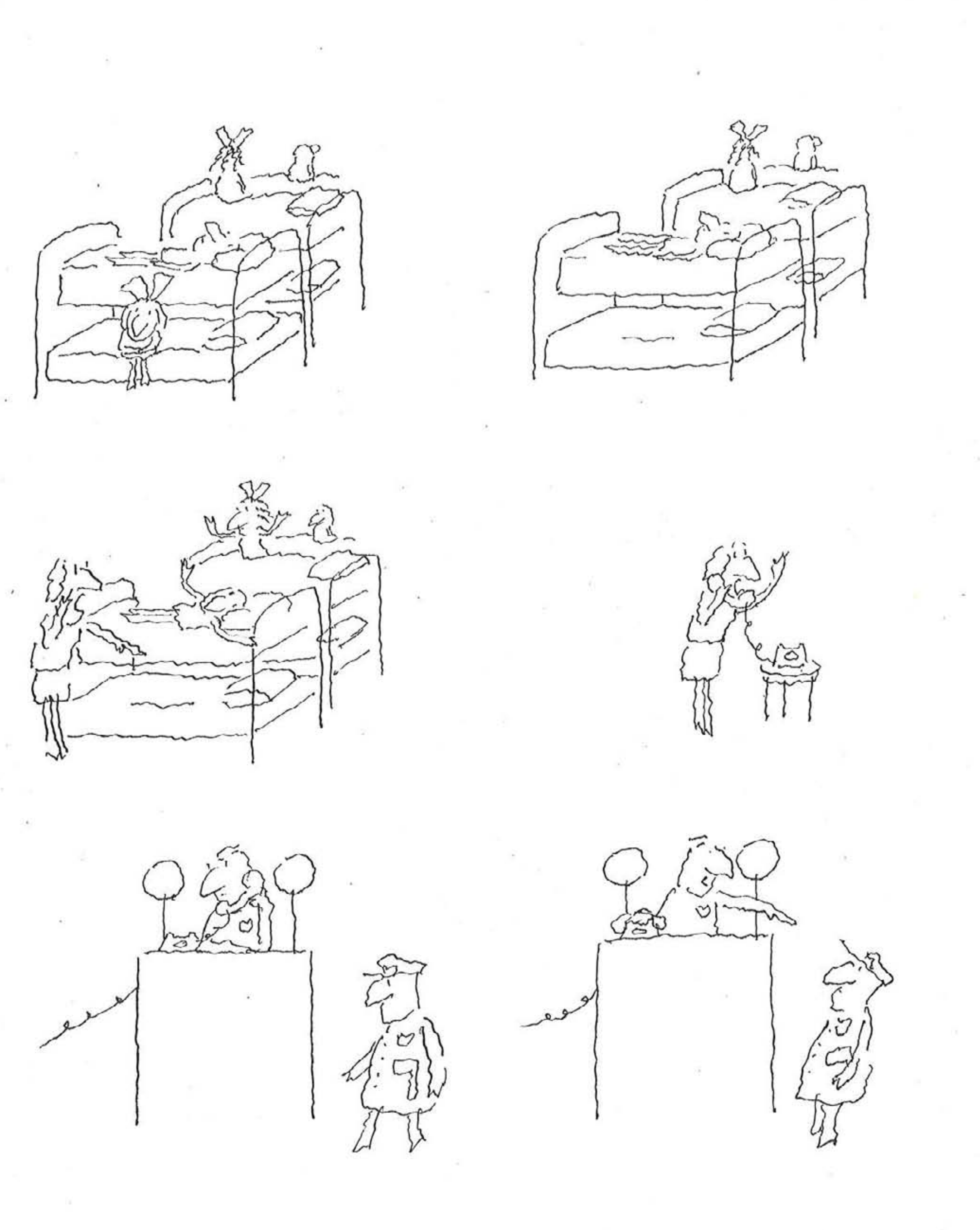
We were offered a box. My father refused. He carried the jacket. I walked at his side carrying the pants triumphantly at shoulder height, feeling like a young Jason returning homeward to Boeotia with his Golden Fleece. □



"He advises against surgery and then patents our noses!"


THE
LITTLE MATCH
GIRL
BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN
RETOLD
BY R. O. BLECHMAN

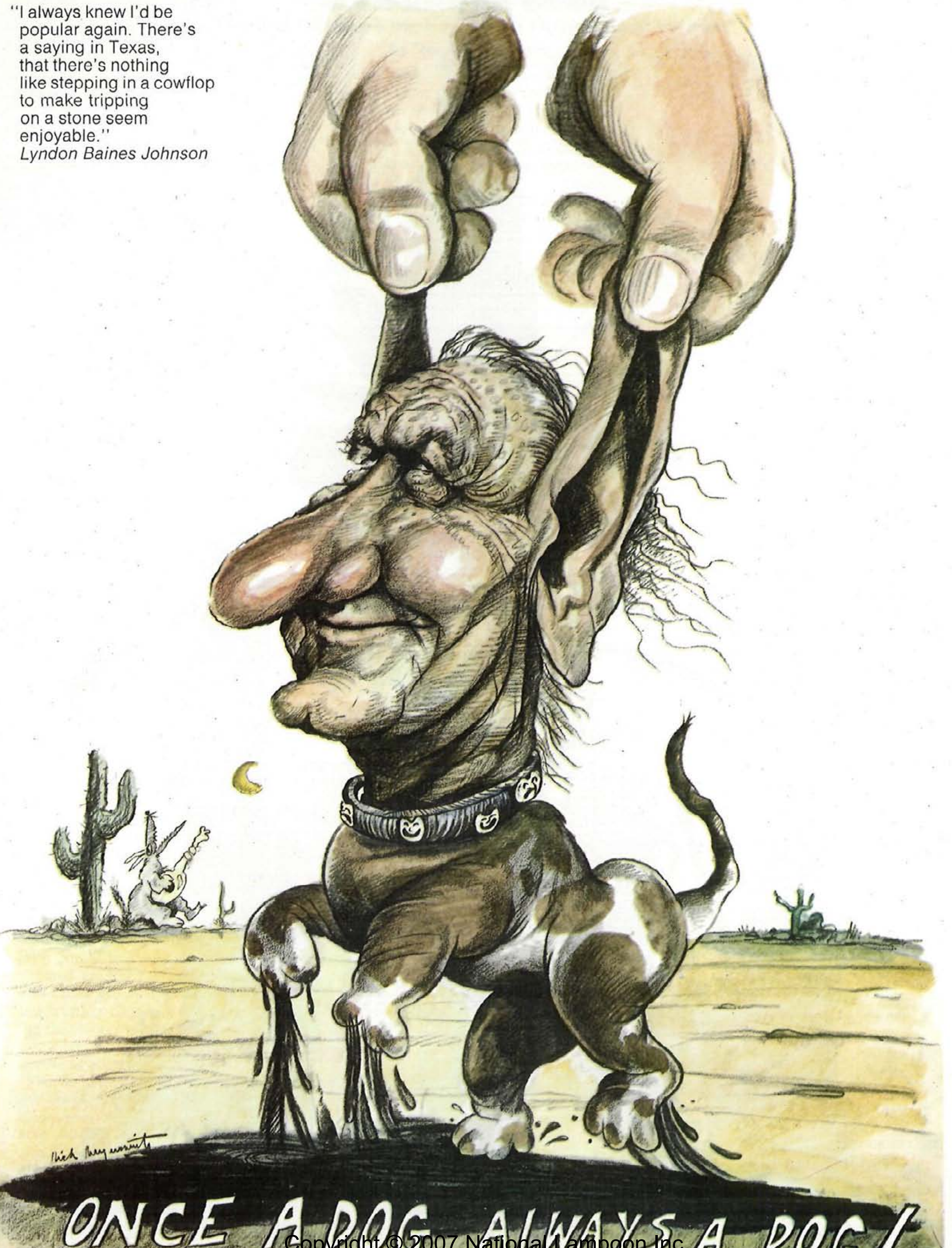


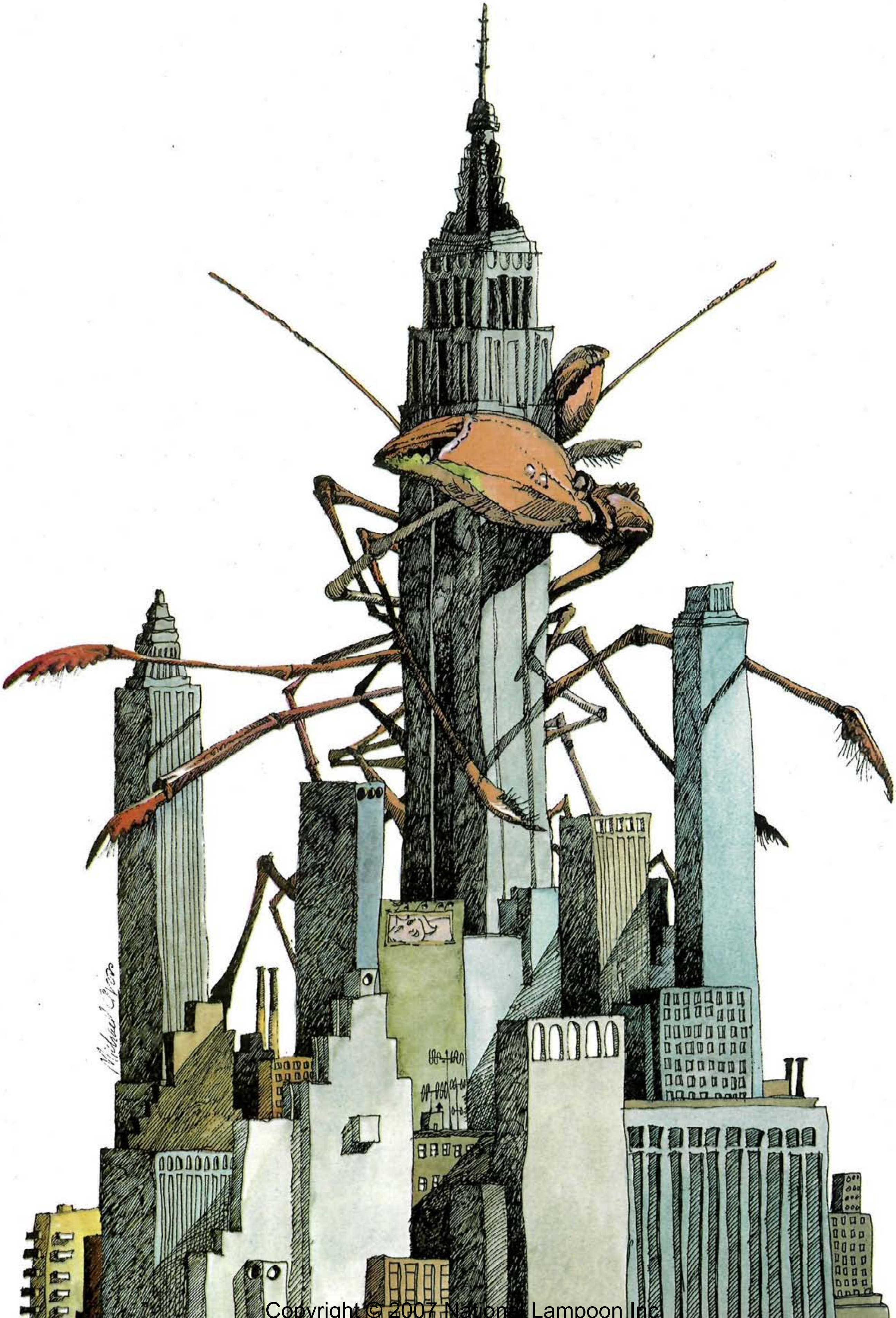


By
Rick Meyerowitz

SHOOTING GALLERY

"I always knew I'd be popular again. There's a saying in Texas, that there's nothing like stepping in a cowflop to make tripping on a stone seem enjoyable."
Lyndon Baines Johnson





Milkrun

The Best Offense, Krag Knew, Was Often a Good Pretense

By Douglas Kenney

Krag started instantly from a dreamless slumber at the first buzz of the wake-alarm. As his right eye sought the glowing chronometer set flush against the bulkhead, his left eye considered, with mixed emotions, the three-dimensional holograph of his mate and their six-dozen offspring affixed next to it. His center eye flicked between the two objects indecisively and finally settled on the chronometer. His left eye tagged along and in a moment Krag had the timepiece in sharp focus. He knew he must rise immediately, for a very busy day lay ahead of him.

Today Krag had set aside for the conquest of Earth.

With effort, Krag lifted his 4-foot, flounder-like body out of the soothing liquid of his shallow sleeping tank and, dripping some of the viscous green solution on the deck, slithered toward the insistent alarm and flicked off the noise with one of five pale tentacles regularly situated around his toothless headhole. Krag then splashed gently into the shallow coating tray and, delicately adjusting the shower to a fine mist with two of his short, boneless digits, activated an overhead nozzle.

As he luxuriated in the warm, protective spray, Krag looked very little like a Conqueror of Planets. His flat, translucent body revealed a sluggish blue circulatory system and a thick notochord that ran through the center of his headless, legless form and terminated in three eyes, five limp tentacles and an orifice that served equally well as mouth, nose, ear or anus. The total effect was not particularly intimidating. Krag El-Pran-46, 46th son of Hruk El-Pran-119 and Commander of the Dreenian battleship *Procyon II* (Galactic Class) looked like a large, uncooked fillet of sole.

The Dreen ended his toilet under the warming glow of an infrared lamp that dried the liquid coating to a temporary but impenetrable veneer. A Dreen's sensitive varicose skin may slough off at the mildest abrasion, and Krag gave himself an extra-thick coating. Today he would have no time to go back for a freshener.

As he made his way from his quarters to the Library, Commander Krag happily recalled the remarkable success of the *Procyon*'s mission thus far: seven planets reduced in as many months. *An enviable record, even for a veteran,* thought Krag. When his crew came home, the entire populace of Dree would pay homage to the warriors, joyful at their safe return and thankful for the new nesting grounds for Dree's unusually prolific race. Thankful, too, for the cringing slaves the colonists would find ready at their new homes.

Krag's mind turned to Dree and her borderless ocean, gleaming green and pure under the blue-white splendor of her double suns. Twice the size of Jupiter, Dree was a world of endless water, in whose depths had spawned the mighty Dreens: swimmers, tool-users and rulers of an Empire destined by their gods (and their birthrate) to stretch to the rim of the galaxy. Perhaps beyond.

And now, thanks to the resourceful mighty Dreens: swimmers, tool-users Commander Krag, seven more worlds had been made ready for the Dreens. The small blue-green planet, infested with primitive bipeds who scurried under a dim yellow sun, would make the eighth and last of Krag's quota.

Krag was happy as he thought about these things, and the good humor in the manner in which he curled his tentacles inward toward his headhole was apparent to the 30 Researchers as soon as he entered the Library. Krag looked at the young, eager Dreens lying in five rows of six, each poised expectantly in front of his or her own vu-cube, 90 eyes bright with youth and spirit. *Though still only Cadets,* Krag thought proudly, *they had already proved themselves Dreens on this voyage.*

"As you may have surmised," Krag hissed evenly, "this last part of the mission should prove the simplest." The Cadets drew in their tentacles and puckered their orifies in glad agreement. "Our last objective will be this small planet you see in your vu-cubes and around which the *Procyon* now maintains a discreet orbit. The inhabitants, as you already know from your briefings, are simple land bipeds. These ground-walkers have attained a Beta-Minus abstractional capacity, with slightly higher scores in technological aptitudes. They have recently stumbled upon simple atomic fission, but they are at least three of their life spans away from an elementary free hydrogen space drive." At this, the Cadets registered patronizing amusement in a manner that would be as difficult to describe as it would be indelicate. The Commander waited patiently for the young Dreens to settle down, then finished his pre-attack address, the remainder of which was a litany everyone in the Library and all in the Dreen Galactic Service had duly committed to memory on their first day at the Fleet Academy:

"Our strategy and our tactics flow from a single concept," the Commander intoned, "the Archetype of Fear. Every organism capable of calculating the area of a two-dimensional geometric figure retains a primordial capacity for Fear that may be discerned, refined and used to defeat it. It is the Axiom of Conquest that we first seek out this primitive Fear; second, define and isolate its components; and third, turn this Fear into a weapon. Find this Principle of Fear . . ."

"Find this Principle of Fear . . . ," chorused the Cadets as they flattened

(continued)

(continued)

reverently to attention.

". . . and you have found your weapon."

". . . and you have found your weapon!" the Dreens echoed.

"One Fear is worth a thousand lasers."

"One Fear is worth a thousand lasers!"

"Build a better Fear . . ," the Commander sang.

" . . . and the Dreens will beat a path to your hatchstep!"

Krag put them "at ease," and left them to begin their work. He maneuvered his body around on the smooth deck and glided into the corridor. Twenty feet from the Library, Krag summoned the automatic elevator and dropped 300 feet to the Art and Production Section.

Krag inspected the great, hangar-like ceiling and the machines of unthinkable complexity that it housed. Matter synthesizers and self-propelled construction tools were arrayed on all sides, and hundreds of Dreens, heavily lacquered to protect them in their labors, continually tended their work areas and design consoles, checking and rechecking their 3,000,000 circuits as they awaited their assignment.

"Is everything prepared?" Krag asked a Dreen.

"We are ready at your order, Commander," Sruk said simply.

Sruk, Master of Machines First Class, enjoyed the full respect of his Commander. Sruk had dreamed of service in the Fleet since larvahood, and his 197 years in the Art and Production Corps had earned him an incomparable reputation, as well as two amputated tentacles, one severed as a raw Apprentice by a laser drill press, the other lost at the Battle of Sirius, which, Dreen military historians are quick to point out, lasted exactly 23 seconds.

Krag toured the chamber for the three-thousand and sixty-second time, and still he found himself marveling at its sheer size. The Art and Production Section was 550 feet in length, and its tallest arch was 300 feet above his head, an impressive sight for a creature who could, if necessary, slide under a door without difficulty.

The entire ship was, in fact, largely devoted to this single chamber. The cramped quarters and the nonexistent recreational facilities were sacrifices made for the strategy of Dree. The *Procyon II* was actually a giant interstellar production department, lacking all offensive weaponry save a single ion canon, which had never been fired outside of the regular drills. With the Principle of Fear as Dree's weapon, others were simply not necessary.

Krag returned to the Library an hour later. He walked among the rows of flickering vu-cubes, each one capable of producing a three-dimensional representation of any small object to be found on the target planet, and, if desired, of synthesizing an exact copy for closer examination. The Cadets were presently engaged in devouring every scrap of information recorded in every language in every library on Earth.

On Krag's left, a young Dreen, hardly out of larvahood, was rapidly reading every religious text ever written by men. The Commander watched approvingly as the Researcher made his notes. Krag read, *"Satan, Christian anthropomorphic embodiment of evil . . . Shiva, six-armed Hindu goddess of destruction (See Trimurti, Brahma, Vishnu) . . . Medusa, ancient Greek snake-haired Gorgon . . . Auld Clootie, Scottish hoofed man-devil (See Satan, Beelzebub, Mephistopheles, etc.)...Mammon...."* Krag studied the quickly changing images and texts without enthusiasm. Long experience had taught him that such cult figures were rarely really imaginative, usually just slight reworkings of a race's basic physiology with the gratuitous addition of horns, fangs, suckers or perhaps an extra pair of wings or tentacles.

Krag moved on to the next row of vu-cubes and paused by a female Cadet whose talents, both on and off duty, Krag had often found to be exceptional. As he surreptitiously stroked Vrop's lithe notochord, six eyes peered at the flashing illustrations of daemons, leprechauns, witches, silkies and other eldritch flotsam and jetsam of another planet's folklore.

"Anything of interest?" Krag asked, just failing to sound officious.

"Not yet, Commander," Vrop replied, revolving her pupils coquettishly. "It's predictable stuff. Humans with fur, humans with feathers, fanged humans, winged humans. The usual."

Krag moved on, barely restraining himself from giving Vrop's center eyeball a sly tweek. *I love my wife,* Krag chuckled to himself, *but, oh, you larva.*

The next hour bore no fruit, and the next, as Krag rejected suggestion after suggestion. Earth's Fear-imagery was not particularly useful, but something would turn up. It always did. Krag remembered the difficulty they encountered on the fifth of their conquests this trip out. Zoron had been a medium-sized planet populated by intelligent plants, the dominant vegetable being a pulpy ground growth not dissimilar to an Earth cabbage. After vainly searching for a proper weapon, the Dreens finally solved the problem by constructing a number of 15-foot slug-like robots, incorporating in their design the characteristics of three destructive forms of leaf-eating predators that had once terrorized the plant-beings some centuries earlier. Three hours after the robots' appearance in Zoron's four major cities, the populace capitulated. Something would turn up. It always did.

"It" turned up in the next hour. Krag had been overseeing the study of recent Earth war propaganda, particularly those examples which described the terrors of whatever nationality the author wished to malign, when Vrop hissed excitedly for his attention. On the workboard in front of Vrop's vu-cube lay a stack of circular metal canisters, each a foot and a half in diameter and an inch and a half thick.

"What are these?" Krag asked.

"A crude form of vu-projection. Two-dimensional low visual spectrum picture units. I switched over to Popular Culture and Entertainment after Folklore was exhausted and had these synthesized. I think you'll find them interesting, Commander."

Krag studied the reel of transparent ribbon contained in one of the cans. "How are they to be viewed?" he asked curiously. Against the light he saw that each square was actually a small photograph.

"A simple electric light source and a synchronized shutter apparatus," Vrop said, pleased to be able to offer information. "I took the liberty of having Production construct the necessary device."

Minutes later, Krag and Vrop were watching the two-dimensional images thrown against an improvised screen. At first, Krag saw no pictures at all, only several lines of alien characters. *"The Attack of the Creeping Horror,"* Vrop read, "it's a genre called 'science fiction,' a crude mixing of pure fantasy with elementary technological premises." Krag nodded his tentacles and studied the opening scene, which took place on the edge of a body of water. Two bipeds were prone in the sand, twining and untwining their limbs in a puzzing manner. Krag was mystified. "They are male and female specimens," Vrop whispered.

"Oh." In a darkened room, Krag reached into a bowl of silicon candy and snaked another stealthy tentacle around Vrop's quivering notochord.

Suddenly, to Krag's disappointment, the bipeds sprang apart, and the female's face was seen in a close-up, her greater headnole opened wide. The image that now filled the screen made even Krag flinch. Rising from the waves was a huge, scaled creature easily 150 feet in height, its reptilian jaws dripping gallons of slaver and sea water. The creature turned its powerful head toward the dwarfed couple and was upon them in a single, gargantuan stride. . . .

When Krag opened his eyes again, the monster was gone, and in its place was a scene of immense activity. Several dozen bipeds, most of them dressed in browns and greens decorated with shiny bits of metal, were racing frantically about a large room whose walls were covered with charts, maps and blink-

ing oscilloscopes. The central figure, dressed in white, gained the attention of the frenetic brown and green bipeds by pointing to a large object resting on a table in front of him and covered with a cloth cover. The biped in white dramatically revealed what was underneath — the severed end of a giant claw. The largest of the brown bipeds uttered a series of alien sounds.

"It looks like some sort of . . . *of giant claw!*" Vrop translated.

The next sequences involved a number of intercutting scenes in which, while the monster methodically blundered into a series of striking architectural structures ("There goes the Washington Monument," Vrop explained), the bipeds raced to complete a weapon designed to slay the beast. In a climactic ending that kept Krag on the edge of his tray, the bipeds succeeded in destroying the lizard by means of a device whose improbable technological assumptions concerning the nature of "subsonic wave vibrations" would have been laughingly dismissed by a Dreen larva class in elementary physics. Nonetheless, Krag noted, the beast was impressive, and the terror in the scramblings of its fleeing victims was totally credible.

"Let us see another," Krag demanded, helping himself to some more silicone candies and Vrop's appealing flank.

The next, entitled *The Unnameable Horror from Beyond the Stars,* began with two bipeds, one male, one female ("There seems to be a pattern here," Krag observed), in a stationary four-wheeled vehicle. As the pair began what was now a familiar series of actions, they were interrupted by an immense, formless mass of a presumably organic substance, which, to Krag, bore an unsettling resemblance to a gelatinous Dreenian breakfast-nutrient uniformly loathed by young Dreens. After assimilating the bipeds and their vehicle, the amoebic invader went on to engulf entire cities, driving herds of squealing bipeds before it. Finally, the creature was eliminated with an electronic device that made the "subsonic vibrator" look like the newest Dreenian space-drive by comparison.

The fourth concerned an outsized sea serpent and its fondness for ocean-going vessels.

The eighth recounted the saga of the Creeping Horror's only son, who seemed to follow the bent of its parent with remarkable fidelity ("There goes the Washington Monument again," Vrop remarked).

At last, Krag had seen enough. Although the plots differed in minor details, the *leitmotif* Principle of Fear remained consistent. Krag read his own notes thoughtfully: *Creature usually 150-300 feet in length . . . morphic similarities to non-mammalian organisms (insects, crustaceans, reptiles, etc.). Emphasis on multiplicity of limbs (See* Terror from the Land of the Giant Spiders, The Astounding Crab People, Return of the Octopus from Beyond the Sun). *Appears without warning in densely populated area . . . mass hysteria, confusion, panic.*

Krag set to work immediately. A flurry of conferences with Art and Production quickly produced a number of Fear Form prototypes. The Commander personally considered each sketch, weighing them according to probable psychological impact, taking the best features of each one and combining them into an optimum anatomical blueprint.

The final specifications were worked out by the Engineering Section, and production began immediately. Automatic fabricators labored without respite as Krag supervised the erection of the great metal skeleton, whose dimensions were barely contained in the hangar. Throughout the building, Krag made constant modifications on the original design, lengthening an eye-stalk, increasing the articulation of a jointed antenna, adding fangs and scales.

At last, the Beast was completed to Krag's satisfaction. He appraised the robot with an artist's eye and found it to be the best work he had ever seen. The Beast was a huge thing, painted with a palette of sickening reds, mottled purples and deathly grays. To a biped, the Beast would be the hybrid of a hundred unthinkable nightmares, a masterful distillation of every disgusting, crawling thing that haunted the minds of children and, when the children grew to adulthood, were mercifully forgotten. The Beast was a phantasmagoria of repusion, a horrid vision made impossibly real, evocative of snapping things amid the rot of dead sea plants, of bloated spiders lurking in the shadows of dank garages, waiting.

The entire crew agreed it was a classic of its kind.

Krag, encased in the Beast's upper torso, looked out at the Manhattan skyline through the slotted port above the control console. The murky waters of the East River found no entrance in the submerged Beast's tightly sealed carapace. Krag halted the machine's progress to permit the passing of a small pleasure boat, its crew unwary of the monstrous form shrouded in the water a few feet below. There was no point in making its presence known prematurely.

The pilot tested his controls a last time, flexing the long, jagged legs, opening and snapping shut the 20-foot, totally decorative, fang-filled maw. The stalked eyes clustered and swayed to Krag's lightest touch and, from the twisted ends of the hydraulically powered claws, gobbets of realistic gore dangled obscenely.

The Commander quickened his pulse and engaged a small, gleaming lever. Perfectly insulated from the cold, poisonous wind, Krag guided the Beast forth from the water, heading with a crazed, shambling gait through a deserted park, lumbering toward the milling throngs of the city's largest artery. Activating a bone-chilling shriek with a deft stab of a small pale tentacle, Krag rumbled the machine onto the street, waving its malevolent pincers 90 feet above the heads of the stunned crowds. Twelve crunching legs rasped along the pavement and eight bulbous eyes glared at the stampeding bipeds — but Krag paused at the controls and peered again through the vu-port. The bipeds stood their ground, staring back at Krag. Krag thrashed his claws with mock anger, but the bipeds only clustered together along the sides of the street and gawked at Krag's superb display. A piercing, rising wail sounded at Krag's rear, emanating from a gaggle of flashing, two-wheeled vehicles that sped around him and passed by without even diminishing their speed. Something was wrong, he knew. Somehow they had been warned. Krag coolly considered the possibility of a real "secret weapon," but knew that such information could never elude the Dreen's intelligence reports. Krag raised his pincers hastily. A hundred crushed bipeds would soon alter their indifference, but before Krag could lower the heavy appendages, he caught a glimpse of something directly behind him. Swiveling the eyes of the Beast 180 degrees, he faced a Beast even more loathsome, if possible, than his own creation. It was a monster more terrifyingly grotesque than anything he had seen in the films, an immense open-mouthed rodent hovering directly over Krag's armor-plated rear, its hundred-foot limbs outstretched to clutch and shatter his dwarfed machine . . . .

In the infirmary of the *Procyon,* already 11 light years away from Earth, Krag could but dimly recollect his panicky, fear-stricken flight from the monster, his teleportation back to the ship and the hasty disintegration of his own Beast in the gray waters of the East River. Although nursed by the attentive Vrop, Krag remained inconsolable. How could he have known the Earthlings could create a Beast even mightier than his own? He brooded upon the report he would have to make to the authorities upon his return to his crowded home.

Perhaps Krag might have been cheered to know that his coming had not gone completely unmarked. After all, it wasn't everyone whose entry received Honorable Mention in the Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade. □

1936: A SPACE



1

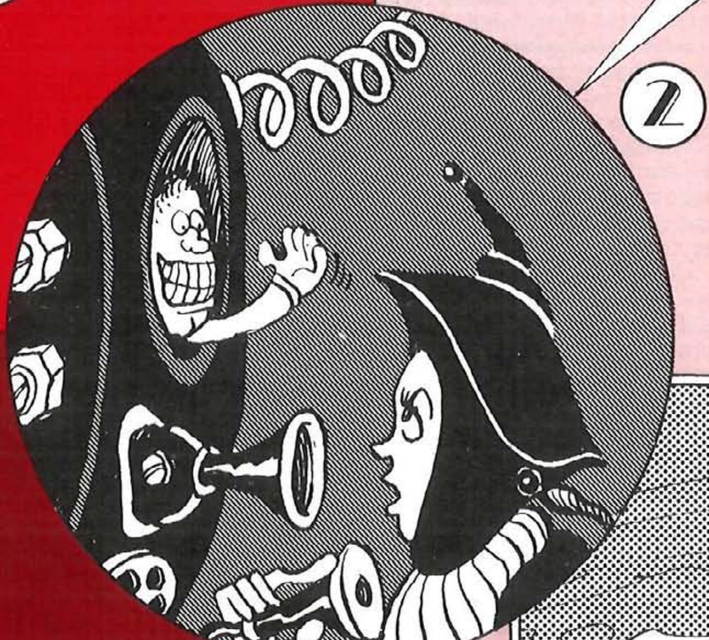
Here we are in the shiny, automatic kitchen of a typical American family of 1970. Junior yells "Nom goopa nar del yummo?" but don't worry, in 1970 everyone in the world speaks Esperanto, and he's just said, "Hey, mom, what's for breakfast?"

Well, for breakfast, the family – we'll call them the Joneses, but in 1970 everyone is named Smith – is about to tear into those yummy synthetic eggs topped off with crispy strips of artificial bacon and a mouth-watering counterfeit cantaloupe, all made from specially treated soy beans and vulcanized rubber. All Mom has to do is take out a metal box from the Refrigerola, put them into her automatic diesel stove, and in 15 seconds the meal is perfectly cooked.

But wait, what's that melodious chiming? It's the photo-phone, which shows you a full-color snapshot of whoever's calling in a little window on top! Uncle Harry is calling from Mars, and he wants the whole family up for the afternoon!

We leave with the Joneses from their 250-story apartment building made out of stainless zinc and vulcanized rubber and hop into their family rocket sled, a Hudson Haley's Comet that can hit 3,000 kilo-furlongs an hour (the new measuring system established by the League of Nations). Dad stops by his office at the C.C.C.-C.C.C.C. Building (Consolidated Cloud Control and Common Cold Cure Corporation) and the kids watch the traffic flow smoothly through the sky, controlled by a static-electricity "brain" that keeps the Joneses safe and sound.

2



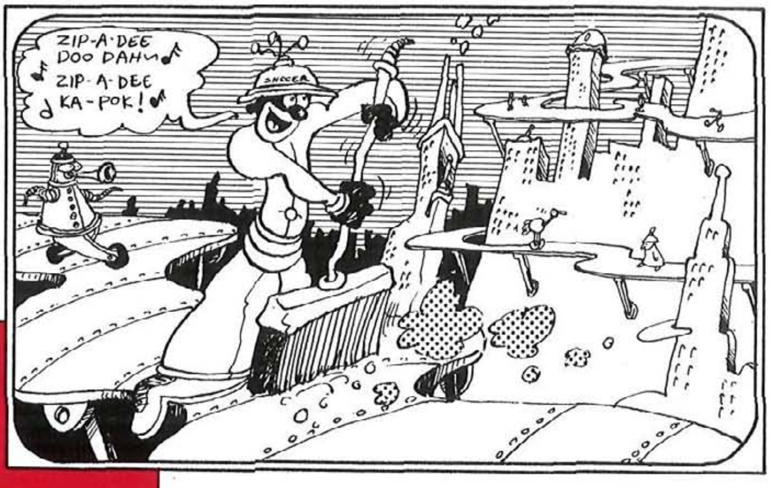


A Look at a Day in the Life of the Jones's in the Far-off, Fantastic . . . 1970's!

By John Weidman

ODYSSEY

Incidentally, what with all these snazzy inventions, you may wonder what's happened to our colored people. Well, don't worry, they're doing fine! By 1970, all our colored folks will have good high-paying jobs working on our Space Pullmans and don't forget, even the most futuristic city needs clean streets! As a matter of fact, everyone – even the Italians and the Polacks – is given full citizenship. (Remember, everyone is named Smith!) Why, even the state House of Representatives has a member whose mother was half-Jewish!



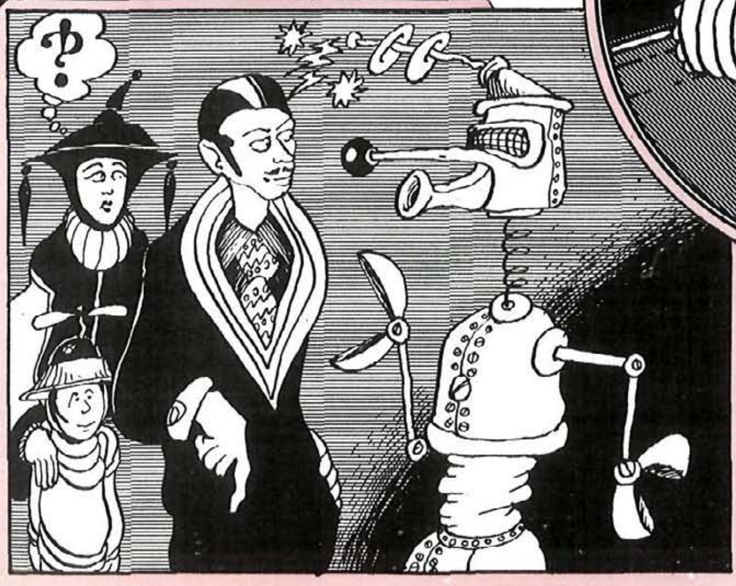
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Well, the Joneses arrive at the downtown Astro-Macy's, still the biggest department store in the solar system and topped only by the 900-floor Studebaker Building. Stepping off the motorized sidewalk (from which pigeons, garbage, bums and drunks are removed by electric disintegrator), we are carried by a jet elevator to Macy's 98th floor clothing department.

We look around for a robot salesman, who helps us select one of those snappy synthetic wool and aluminum suits. We pay for it with our handy "trust token," which the polite metallic cashier validates in its special mouth slot, and the purchase is recorded automatically at the First Global Bank. But don't worry about money—in 1970 the *most expensive suit costs only 37¢!*







Oops! Dad's self-winding steam-operated electric wrist clock say it's almost 1300 hours, time to head for Grand Central Space Terminal and get our ticket for the Mars Local. There's just enough time for a quick bite before blast-off, so we insert our "trust token" in the automatic lunch-o-matic and quickly dive into our counterfeit coke and synthetic sandwich.

Before you know it, we're inside the rocket and 6 . . . 7 . . . 8 . . . 9 . . . 10 . . . we're off! A quick stop at the space depot to switch loco-rockets and we look back at dwindling Mother Earth, much improved in appearance ever since global decorators took off all those rough edges – like lumpy mountains, messy valleys and ragged coastlines. Three hours later, we're docking on the red planet!

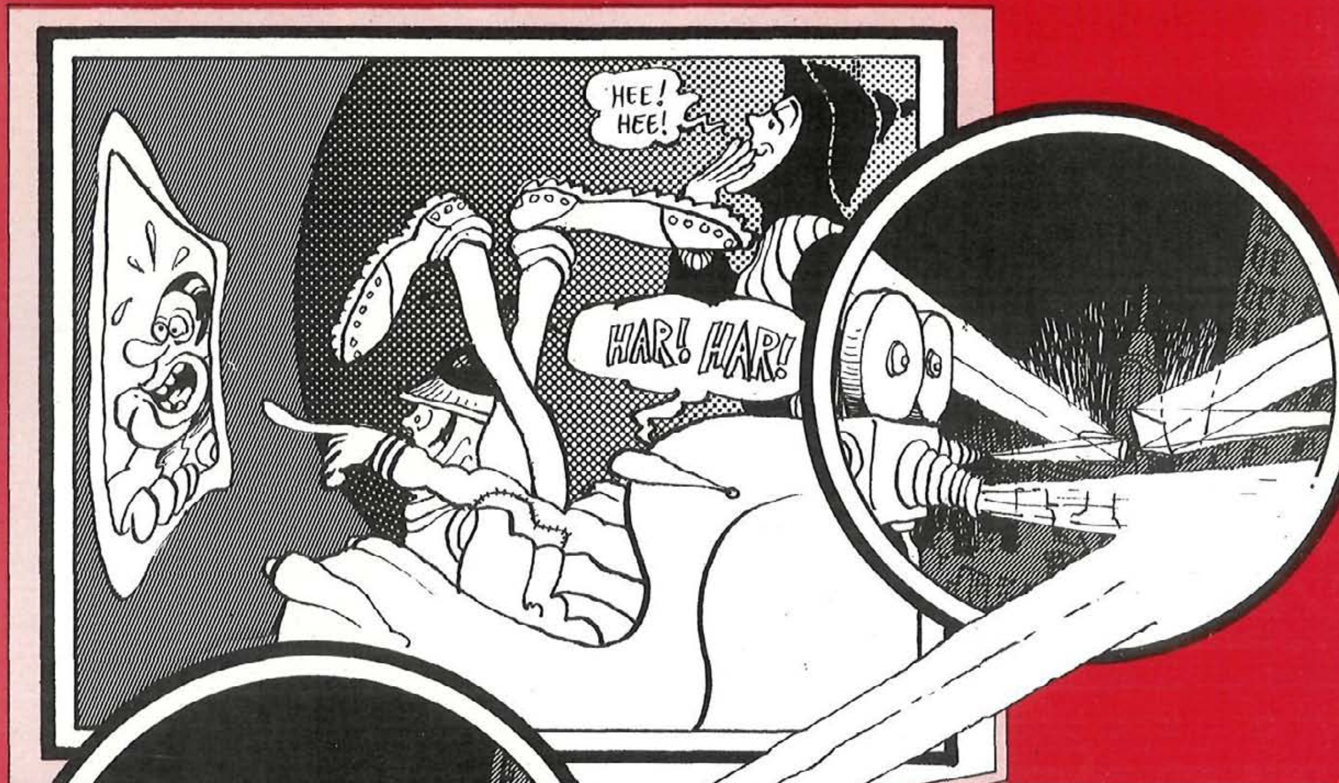
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Uncle Harry greets us at the gangplank and tells us to make sure we put on our special equipment. There's less gravity up here on Mars, so we strap on a pair of lead-weighted boots to keep our "feet on the ground." Martian air hasn't yet been completely converted to anything breathable by the giant petunia plantations, so we slip on our space helmets, pull on heavy fur coats to ward off the freezing temperatures so far from old Mr. Sun, and we're off on our search for adventure.

Well, we quickly discover a new world of fun and excitement climbing red-tinted mountains and watching the ore barges move through Mars' natural canal system. Our hometown planet gets most of its raw materials from its red neighbor now, and the lumber mills and diamond mines are busy 24 hours a day. (Only yesterday, Uncle Harry's company found an entire mountain made of *vulcanized rubber* !)



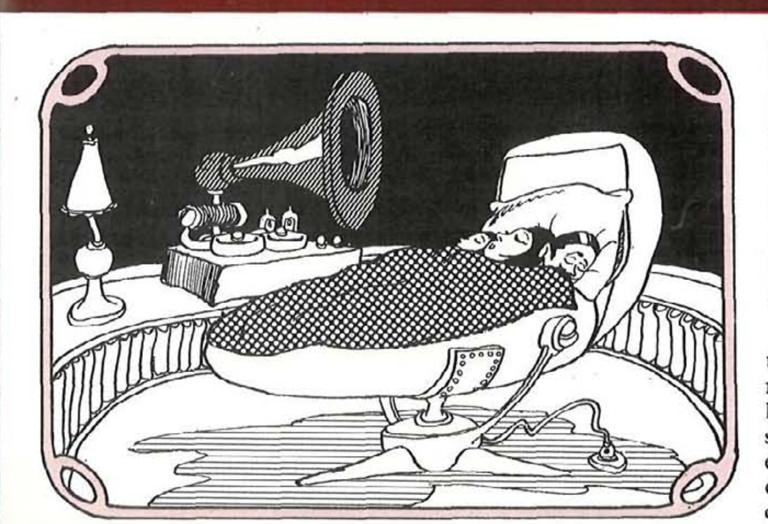




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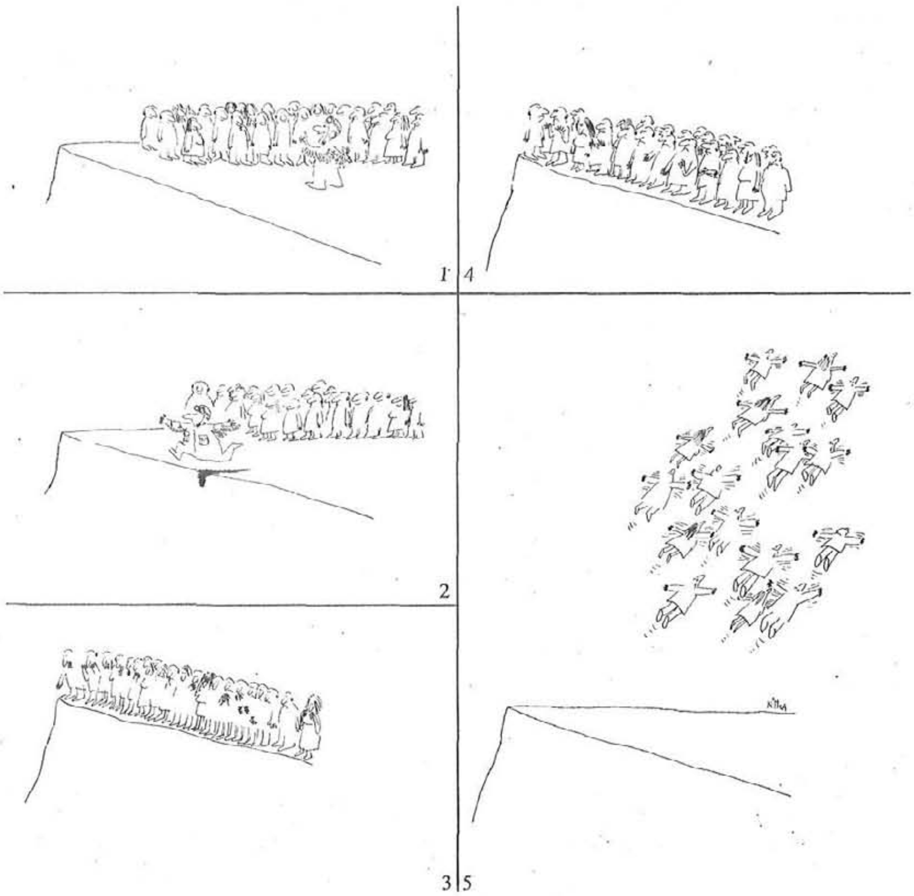
But it's time to go home now, so we catch the Earth Express back to the city and zip home just in time for supper. We gain 24 hours crossing the interplanetary dateline, so it's actually *yesterday's* supper, but our diesel oven is even a whiz at leftovers.

After a tasty meal of synthetic steak and mutated mashed potatoes, we turn on the Radiovision. Radiovision? That's right, the Joneses, like everybody else in 1970, own a little private screen where they can see adventure shows, dramas, comedies and sports events in the privacy of their own home! The programs are broadcast across the country by powerful movie projectors located on the top of huge skyscrapers and beamed into each home by a scientifically angled system of mirrors and magnifying glasses. On RV tonight are Bob Hope and Bing Crosby in *The Road to Phobos,* sure to be a rib-tickler!



8

Well, its 2100 hours and time for bed. Nestled in our vibro massage cots, we turn on the 78 rpm sleep learner, first selecting from a wide library of history, chemistry, woodworking and show tunes, and drift off to sleep. Sleep comes easy to our tuckered-out space explorers, but so do dreams – dreams of another thrill-packed day in that magical, miraculous year: 1970!



Coming Next Month

The signs are everywhere. Turkeys are buying shawls and practicing saying "women and children last" with a hen accent; holly bushes are polishing their imitations of scrub oaks; and smart evergreens are shedding needles faster than a short-circuited Singer. Store windows are once again featuring the Curse of the Magi, Earth vs. the Reindeer, and It Came from a Manger, and the entire annual aluminum output of six nonaligned nations is mounted on light poles. The air is filled with the thud of Salvation Army mortars and the wail of heavy attack organs; from chambers of commerce deep beneath Main Street come the unearthly "ho-ho-hos" of mindless zombies being readied for their unspeakable tasks. In short, it's Christmas. And what better way to spoil it than with the Christmas issue of the *National Lampoon*?

CHRISTMAS BEWARE! Artist Gahan Wilson portrays some of the dangers of the season, including: the Amazing Cardiac Turkey, the Manger War, the Appalling and Career-Ending Christmas Party, and the Borgia Wreath.

ARNOLD ROTH'S CHRISTMAS / One of the world's foremost experts on this depressing holiday examines some of its unappealing aspects, including the *Bob Hope Christmas Show*.

THE NATIONAL LAMPOON CHRISTMAS GIFT CATALOGUE / 15 disgusting gimcracks to palm off on your mother-in-law or your family insurance agent.

NAKED LADIES / A stunning color portfolio of nudes obtained by dropping a little Darvon in the office girls' Christmas punch.

SPECIAL COUNT-YOUR-BLESSINGS SECTION / Things could be worse. We might not have listened to Joe McCarthy. We might have lost World War II and been plunged into poverty, like Japan. We might have lost Indochina without a shot. We might never have found Indochina. Oh, well.

CHRISTMAS IN CRATERVILLE / Celebrate the season in the Town Nobody Knows. Amelia Earhart's recipe for plum pudding, Martin Bormann's Christmas Prayer, Roy Crater's Stocking Stuffers, and the *Marie Celeste* Choir singing old sea chanteys.

THE PRINCE AND THE POO-POO / White House Heartbreak strikes again when Charlie Windsor, heir to the well-known British throne, and Tricia Nixon, daughter of the famous President, develop a "special relationship" of their own.

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In the meantime, stop in at any Panasonic dealer and ask to see and hear the "Montvale," Model RE-7800. In these tight money times, it could relax your outlook on a whole lot of things.





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